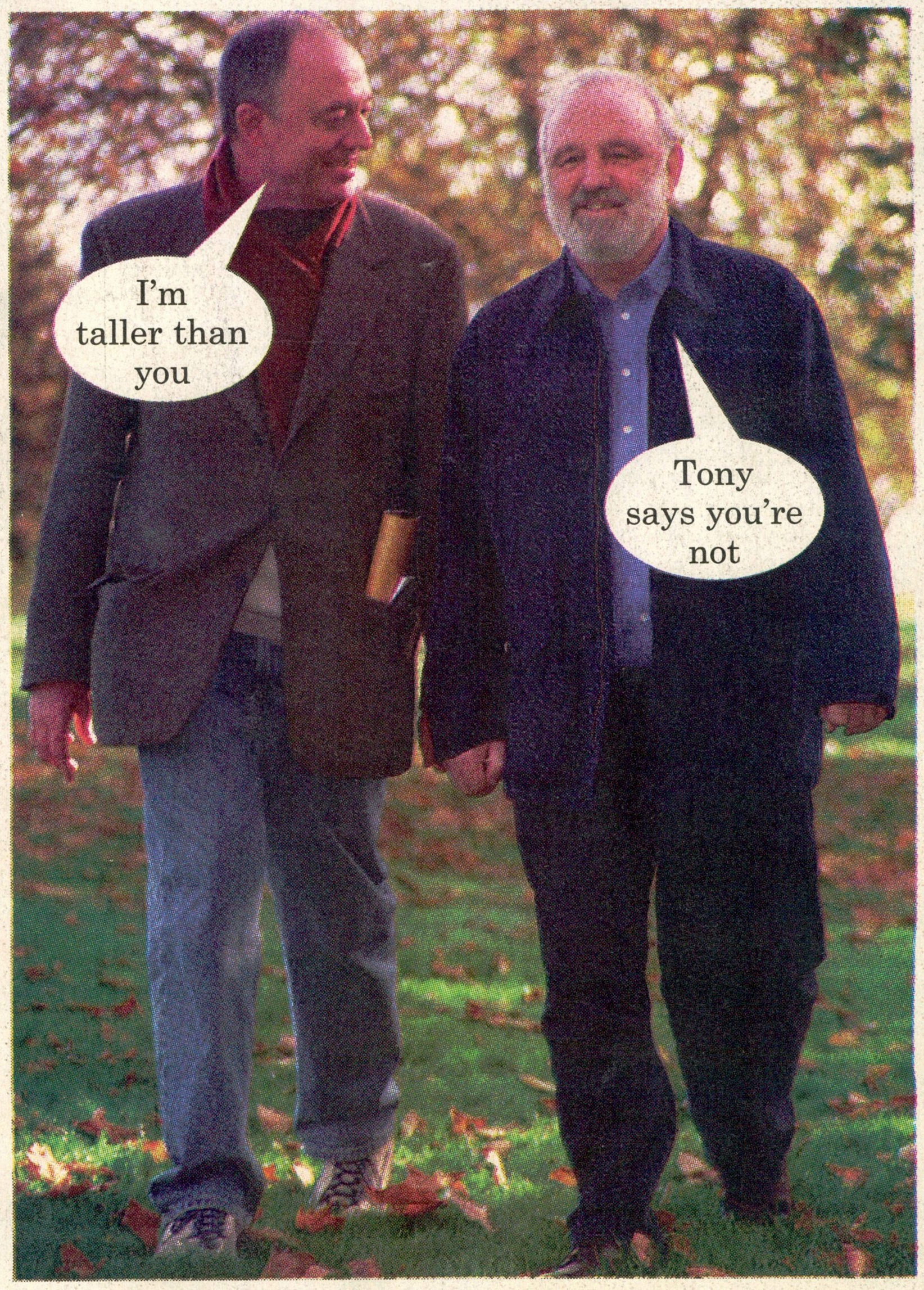
No. 996
Friday
25 Feb. 2000

£1.20

PRIVATE EYE

MAYOR POLL FIX



KEN'S SHOCK CLAIM

GOVERNMENT AUCTION NEWS

The **monthly journal** for the most comprehensive nationwide coverage of:

Bankruptcy and liquidation sales of the seized assets of companies in receivership/ administration - goods which are auctioned for whatever anyone is prepared to pay. Hundreds of sales listed each month of all types of goods.

HM Customs & Excise sales of impounded articles - from the effects of drug traffickers and racketeers to a lost and found dinghy, also goods confiscated in lieu of duty and those seized at ports and airports etc.

Police sales of unclaimed lost, stolen and recovered possessions - bicycles, household electronics, jewellery, business equipment, car stereos, cell phones, etc. - 'Aladdin's Caves', the contents of which are auctioned regularly. Buy from the police cheaper than you could from the criminals!

Government Surplus - Ministry of Defence/ Home Office vehicles, computers, tools, hardware, school and hospital supplies, nationalised public utility service machinery, generators, clothing, furniture, local authority and council property and land etc.

Transport Department sales of lost and unclaimed personal effects - from umbrellas by the thousand to handbags, briefcases, overcoats, filofaxes, wallets, books and even baby buggies, including sales of airport lost property.

On-Site sales - liquidation/relocation auctions of stocks that are too vast or bulky to be moved - those which take place on the premises or at trading sites and thus occur at different venues every week.

Plant and Machinery specialist sales - agents who deal solely in printing machines, farm equipment, photography, computers, the catering and building trade, electronics, mechanical, vehicles, etc.

USA Government Department of Defense surplus sales which take place regularly in the UK and throughout Europe - new and used merchandise which includes everything imaginable required to service the modern armed forces.

... plus property and mail order catalogue returns.

"The Bargain Hunter's Companion"

Now, here is a unique opportunity for you to participate in these little-publicised auctions which anyone is allowed is allowed to attend but few ever get to hear about. These are the most exciting, fascinating, lucrative and rewarding auctions around as most offer **no reserve prices** - where the goods under the hammer have to be sold, there and then, for whatever is offered.

Government Auction News is referred to and found invaluable by **private** and **public companies** alike, **small businesses, purchasing managers, retailers, traders, charities and trusts, schools and colleges, specialist dealers, importers and exporters,** together with cost-conscious individuals and bargain hunters of all kinds. Many have been referred to **GAN** by the **DTI, DoE, HMSO, HM Customs and the Small Business Advice Centre.**

Readers save, and in many cases make, hundreds, thousands of pounds. Anyone can take advantage of bargains such as these recent examples:

Item	Retail Price	At Auction
Porsche 928	£22,000	**£7,560**
Bedroom Suite	£500	**£27**
Pioneer Hi-Fi	£500	**£20**
Canon Photocopier	£3,000	**£240**
E-Type Jaguar	£6,000	**£3,500**
Honda 250 Motorbike	£1,900	**£250**
Garden Strimmer	£70	**£5**
Freezer	£200	**£40**
Toshiba Fax Machine	£400	**£60**
Landrover	£4,750	**£2,300**
Mountain Bike	£200	**£15**
Miele Washing Machine/Drier	£600	**£3**
Large Pine Kitchen Table	£250	**£45**
Grundig Car Stereo	£195	**£30**

Together with detailing over **1,000 major sales** each month (locations, dates, times, contents) **Government Auction News** is packed with features, articles, editorial and investigative reports. Readers also have private access to a unique **fax information service** which keeps you in constant touch with the market and brings fresh information on priceless short-notice sales to your immediate attention.

"Having attended my first auction I have really had my eyes opened. Visiting auctions will certainly add a very interesting and lucrative string to my bow. I thank you. Most beneficial." B.D., Wolverhampton

"Having attended auctions locally, I was amazed how cheap many of the goods were being sold off at. I realise the good value where the purchaser can more than make up the cost at his first auction." R.R., Bradford

"I have made enough profit from ONE sale to pay for [the information] 90 times over!" M.M., Yorks.

And as featured by Watchdog 'Value for Money', The Independent, Bella, BBC Radio, Business and Assets, LWT, PC Plus and The London Evening Standard.

Special Introductory Offer - Save £20

As a special introduction to **GAN** new subscribers save a full **£20**. Begin your subscription today and claim **12 monthly issues** for only **£39.50** (rrp £59.50). Don't delay, simply complete and return the form below - no stamp needed. Your first issue will be despatched immediately. Money back guarantee if not delighted.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

YES, Please send me **Government Auction News** every month for 12 months. I wish to take advantage of the new subscriber discount.

NAME

ADDRESS

Post Code

Send to: **Government Auction News FREEPOST (SE8648), Romford RM6 5BR**

1385	OFFICIAL USE ONLY MEMBERSHIP NO.						

To Bank

Sort Code | | | |

Bank Address

Post Code

Current Acc. Name

Account Number

Please pay to National Westminster Bank plc (60-19-26) 14 Sloane Square London SW1W 8EQ, Wentworth Publishing Ltd, account number 88957659 on receipt of this order the sum of £39.50 only. Thereafter, commencing on the first anniversary of this order, please pay fifty nine pounds and fifty pence annually, until countermanded by me.

Date Signed

© 1998. Registered at the British Library, ISSN 0996-1034. GAN is a contributor to The Independent newspaper. We hope to recommend other products and services to you. If you do not wish to receive details please write to GAN, 17 Fleet Street, London EC4Y 1AA. Mastercard/Visa Hotline: 0181 597 0181 Fax: 0181 597 4040.

The Open University

Study for a degree in a way that fits your lifestyle.

You don't have time to stop work or give up your family commitments. But that doesn't mean you want a second rate degree. The Open University gives you the opportunity to get a degree that's worth something and to fit your study around the way you live your life.

You can take one-off courses, diplomas, a degree or a postgraduate degree. Subjects available include: Computing, Business Management, Technology, Modern Languages, Social Sciences, Arts, Science, Mathematics, Education and Health & Social Welfare.

The OU has developed its own unique method of study designed for busy people called OU supported open learning. You'll have a personal tutor and the chance to meet fellow students. It's real value for money, and you can pay by instalments.

Did you know?

- The OU is in the top 15%* of all UK universities for teaching quality
- 25% of all British MBAs† come from the OU
- Over 30,000 employers have sponsored their staff on OU courses
- 75,000 OU students are online from home
- There are 9 month courses and new diplomas as well as degrees

†*Accredited by The Association of MBAs*

**Source: Daily Telegraph. Based on percentage of academic departments rated 'excellent' or scoring at least 22 points out of 24 by the Higher Education Funding Council.*

Send for your free prospectus now.

To: The OU Call Centre, PO Box 625, Milton Keynes MK7 6AA

☐ Please send me a copy of the *Undergraduate Courses* and *Undergraduate Qualifications* prospectuses

☐ Please send me the postgraduate prospectus

☐ Tick here if you have contacted the OU in the past

Title .....Initials .....Surname.....

Address.....

.....

.....Postcode.....

Tel.....Date of Birth...../...../19 .....

☎ **OU Hotline (24 hours) 0870 9000 301**

Website: www.open.ac.uk/brochure/ UGAACU

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE OU EXPERIENCE

Walks R Us

Escape the stresses of modern life by discovering the joys of walking.

Our 420 local groups organise regular walks and work to safeguard the many footpaths illegally blocked or under threat.

Why not join us for a walk and help us protect our nation's heritage?

The Ramblers

1-5 Wandsworth Road,
London SW8 2XX.
Tel: 0171 339 8500
www.ramblers.org.uk

Benefits of membership include:

- an essential Yearbook (worth £4.99)
- a quarterly magazine
- membership of one of our 420 local walking groups
- regular local newsletters
- discounts in many outdoor retailers

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Address

Postcode Date of birth

Tick box for membership type required

☐ Ordinary £20 ☐ Reduced* £11

☐ Family/joint† £26 ☐ Joint† reduced* £14

* Reduced membership is available for the unwaged, retired, disabled, students and under 18s.

† Family/Joint is for two adults at the same address.

Donation £_____ I enclose £_____

☐ We occasionally exchange names (for use once only) with other organisations which may interest you. Tick if you would prefer to be excluded.

Registered Charity No.306089

PE

For written details write to First Direct, Freepost, Leeds LS98 2RF. We reserve the right to decline to open an account for you. To maintain a quality service, calls may be monitored and/or recorded. Applicants must be 18 or over. Credit facilities are subject to status. All UK customer calls charged at local rate. First Direct is a division of HSBC Bank plc.

join a bank with a high lycra content

If you're the kind of person who is totally flummoxed by questions like "jacket or fries, peas or beans?" it's possible that First Direct might not be for you. Because with us you have the choice: banking by PC, phone or mobile. This means your banking can fit around you as snugly as a well chosen item of leisurewear with a high lycra content.

24 hours, however you look at it

We also give you total flexibility about when you do it and great service too. We're open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. We never close. (Philosophers amongst you might prefer to say we're always open). Which means you'll never have to endure another lunchtime in the bank queue, staring at the back of the person in front.

enjoy free banking too

And if that's not enough to bring on a touch of vertigo, we offer you free banking. Which means direct debits, standing orders, statements and withdrawals at over 6,500 specified cash machines - including those of HSBC Bank and NatWest are all free. You also get an automatic £250 fee free overdraft.

decision time a or b?

At this point you're either thinking: a) sounds great, where do I sign, or b) sounds great, where's the catch? Those of you in group a) simply call us free, visit our website or complete the coupon below. The doubting Thomas's in b) will be pleased to know that joining First Direct is as easy as falling off a log. Please read on.

got 30 minutes?

You probably think you've spotted the catch. All those piles of letters you'll have to write to transfer all your direct debits and standing orders. Right? Wrong! It should take no more than 30 minutes of your time. Complete an application form over the phone or at our website. Sign and return it along with the account transfer authority we'll send to you, and we'll do the rest.

what's next...do it now

0800 24 24 24

www.firstdirect.co.uk

please quote ref HP007

or post to: First Direct, FREEPOST, Leeds LS98 2RF

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms Surname

Forename(s)

UK Address

HP008

Postcode

Telephone No

first direct

Member of the HSBC Group

choice

you can bank by PC, phone or mobile - which is only a problem for the chronically indecisive

Gnome

Moron Men Win Top Awards!!

DAILY MORON journalists carried off most of the top prizes at yesterday's "What The Papers Pay" awards presented at a Ritz Hotel luncheon by Mr Neil Hamilton.

● Moron Slickers Anil Bhoyrul and James Hipwell were named as **Shysters of the Year**, winning the coveted "Job on Punch" award.

● **Investigated Journalist of the Year** went to Deputy Editor Tina Weaver for "her relentless pursuit of money".

● **Buck-Passer of the Year** was Moron Chairman Sir Victor Blank, commended for his "incredible story" that Piers Morgan was totally innocent.

● **Campaigning Journalist of the Year** was Moron Editor Piers Morgan who walked off with a cheque for £500,000 for his "tireless campaign" to buy Viglen shares and sell them at a huge profit after he had given them a puff.

On Other Pages
Laugh with Andy Capitalist **p. 94**

Meanwhile, in the Eye:

- *The pharaoh and the binman* 6
- *Hackwatch: Ross dross* 7
- *Mystery of the fleeing fish* 9
- *Athletics: dope springs eternal* 11
- *Books: Salford Sal and her pals* 25
- *Waterhouse tribunal: the Anglesea angle* .. 26
- *Slicker: Those Mirror spivs in full* 28

SUBSCRIBE NOW!
The rate is going up. See back page for details.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

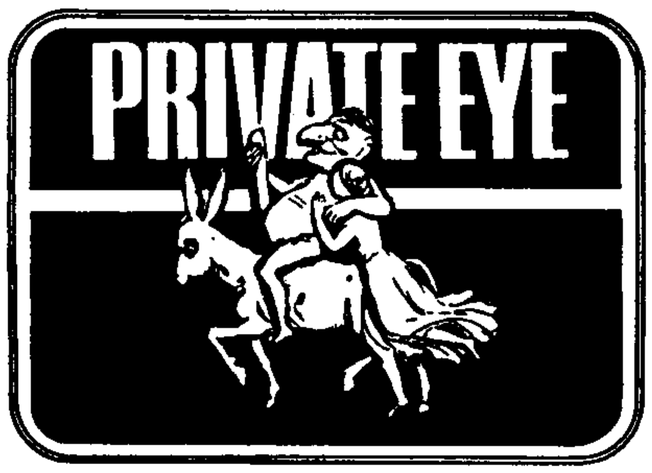
£17 per annum. Europe and Eire £25.
Airmail — rest of world £33.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.

PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Tel: 0171-228 0588. Fax: 0171-924 3719.
Email: eyesubs@cix.co.uk

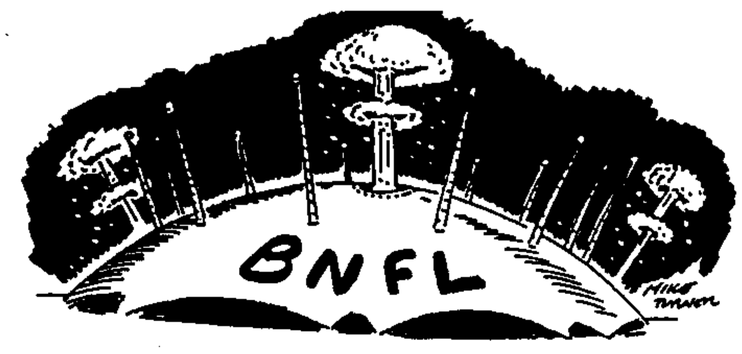
EDITORIAL
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.
Email: strobes@private-eye.co.uk
http://www.private-eye.co.uk

ADVERTISING
Tel: 0171-839 6306

ABC
CONSUMER PRESS



101 Uses For A Dome



Radioactive Waste Depot

WHO will decide who the "strong candidates" are to sit on the new appointments commission for the House of Lords?

The commission's job will be to appoint non-elected members of the New Model House of Lords, as envisaged by Lord Wakeham. The surprising answer is... PricewaterhouseCoopers, one of the biggest accountancy companies in the world.

The firm has been hired by the House of Lords to "head hunt" the most likely members of the prestigious and influential commission. But when Lords leader Baroness Jay announced the firm's appointment, not all their lordships were impressed.

Lord Peyton suggested that if a Tory government had suggested paying a City accountancy firm to help recruit future members of the House of Lords there would have been "a howl of dismay and rage" from Labour. Lord Avebury even had the nerve to ask if PricewaterhouseCoopers had ever given money to the Labour party. No, said Lady Jay.

Some days later she revealed that the cost of hiring the firm would be £52,000 plus VAT, plus advertising costs of "about £30,000" plus VAT, plus expenses which were not calculated. For this £100,000 of taxpayers' money, PwC would draw up the advertisements for the posts of chairman and members of the commission, place the ads and "use its knowledge and resources to identify strong candidates" for the positions.

For some reason the noble baroness did not identify other facts about PricewaterhouseCoopers which must have helped the government select it. The firm is the result of a merger between two old accountancy firms: PriceWaterhouse, which paid the former Tory MP and Tory party treasurer Tim Smith, who later resigned after admitting taking money from Mohamed Fayed for asking parliamentary questions; and Coopers Lybrand, whose senior partner Sir Christopher Foster advised the Tory government on how to privatise the railway and then, as soon as privatisation was complete, became deputy chairman of, er, Railtrack.

More recently, the merged firm faces disciplinary proceedings over a number of outstanding triumphs. A professional tribunal will report soon on its auditing of the books of Barings, which collapsed after a rogue trader swindled it of £800m. The accountancy profession's disciplinary committee is also looking into PwC's role as auditor of Resort Hotels, which went into liquidation in 1994 owing £140m.

The real achievement of PwC was its auditing of the accounts of the troubled engineering group TransTec, apparently without noticing a claim for $18m by Ford. The chairman and founder of TransTec was Geoffrey Robinson, former paymaster-general in Tony Blair's government.

ARCHIE NORMAN's debut as Tory environment and transport spokesman got off to a tremendous start on 14 February when the man from ASDA replied to John Prescott's announcement of an inquiry under Lord Justice Clarke into the Marchioness disaster.

Mr Norman was overwhelmed with abuse and outrage at the end of his speech when he asked Prescott why it had taken three years to order the inquiry. A relevant point, which appeared to have evaded the man from ASDA, was that the Marchioness disaster happened in 1989 under a Tory government which turned down all requests for a public inquiry for eight years.

In his tactful reply to Mr Norman, Prescott made no reference to the reasons for the Tory government's negligence in this matter: nor to the fact that the company which owned the rogue dredger Bowbelle, which rammed the Marchioness and sank it, was a subsidiary of the concrete giant RMC; nor to the fact that RMC was a generous contributor to the Tory party; nor to the fact that Sir Neil Macfarlane, the former Tory sports minister who joined the RMC board in 1987, was a close personal friend of Denis Thatcher.

Such matters will no doubt be subjected to rigorous investigation by the Clarke inquiry.

JENNY WHITTON has been a card carrying member of the Labour party all her adult life. She is currently a ward secretary and women's officer in the Bexleyheath and Crayford constituency party. Her father and grandfather were members of the party and her great grandfather was one of the founding members of the party in Lancashire at the turn of the century.

So why did she not have a vote to establish Labour's candidate in the London mayoral election?

Whitton filled in and sent off the direct debit form in October, as requested by party headquarters. She received her membership card. However, the money wasn't taken from her account. The party hadn't collected it, her bank explained.

Millbank then asked her to fill in and send off a second form, which she did. When she didn't receive a ballot paper, she rang up headquarters and was told they were being sent out in alphabetical order. When she rang up a week later she was informed there had been a mix-up and it was being resolved. When she rang on the last day of balloting, she was told – you've guessed it – that she didn't have a vote because her subs hadn't been paid.

You may also have guessed that this long-serving card carrying member of the London Labour party is also a Ken Livingstone supporter.

So too is Verity Wislocki, a former SWP supporter and thus an unlikely Dobbo fan. When she phoned to renew her subs, headquarters "guaranteed" that she would receive her ballot papers on time. When they failed to turn up she phoned again and was told that no such guarantee had been given and that since she still owed a year's worth of subs she wasn't entitled to vote anyway.

How many other "clerical errors" of this sort have been made?

CREDITORS of Brylcreemed fraudster Roger Levitt, including Frederick Forsyth, Lennox Lewis and Michael Winner, will be relieved to hear that after nine years accountants KPMG have finally wound up the liquidation of his collapsed investment firm, the Levitt Group.

Having disposed of such business essentials as an Arsenal season ticket, KPMG recovered the grand sum of £1.5m. A third of a million has gone on liquidation expenses and a couple of hundred grand to hard-pressed preferential creditors such as banks.

Regrettably there will be no pay-out to unsecured creditors though – clients, investors and suppliers. Of the million pounds remaining, KPMG's fee is, er, £1m.

"He wants to visit the Dome"

Street Of Shame

WHY did no newspaper follow up the amazing *Mail on Sunday* splash on 13 February that Mohamed Fayed bought documents stolen from the dustbins of Neil Hamilton's lawyers on the eve of his libel trial?

Could it be because they have all at one time or another had dealings with the Fugger's source – the *Eye*'s old friend Benjy "the Binman" Pell?

The £10,000 transaction took place around the time Pell pleaded guilty to stealing rubbish from outside the offices of another legal firm, Harkavys, whose clients include Jonathan Aitken and James Hewitt on, 22 November (see *Eye* 992). On this occasion he pleaded a debilitating obsession with litter and was fined £20.

Why, moreover, did the deal go completely unnoticed by a Channel 4 film crew that was trailing Pell to make a documentary about him? Could it be because the TV project is led by John McVicar... a hack on Fayed's *Punch*?

UPRIGHT Charles Moore's *Daily Telegraph* is less than gracious when offering a right of reply to those it has wronged.

During a recent bout of homophobic ranting, hack Daniel Johnson declared that "had Leo Abse been around today" he would have campaigned for Clause 28 (which prevents the promotion of homosexuality in schools) "to be retained". Johnson had two facts wrong: the veteran Labour social reformer and former MP *is* still very much around; and no, he does *not* think Clause 28 should be retained.

"I am alive," wrote an indignant Leo Abse, before sending a detailed rebuttal of Johnson's claims to *Telegraph* letters editor David Twiston-Davies. Despite the gross inaccuracy in Johnson's piece, the letters editor demonstrated a familiar reluctance to publish Abse's letter correcting them – let alone anything as common as an apology.

It was only when a furious Abse telephoned the paper to remind it of his last lucrative trip to m'learned friends at the *Torygraph*'s expense that, lo and behold, his letter was published without amendment the following day.

JUST FANCY THAT!

"Our lead diary item, 11 February, about what we called the official website of Joerg Haider's Austrian Freedom Party, was entirely based on perusal of the hoax site to be found at www.fpo.at and not on the party's real site..."

— Corrections and Clarifications column, *Guardian*, 17 February

"Heil Haider. Mr Haider's Austrian Freedom Party has its very own website (www.fpo.at) and, as might be expected, it offers a vivid display of open-mindedness and cultural pluralism."

— *Guardian* Online supplement, 17 February

WHEN Neil Hamilton sued Mohamed Fayed, the Phoney Pharaoh won despite his own grotesque fantasies from the witness box. Now he has gone one better – by winning a case in the appeal court because of, not in spite of, his "falsehoods", "fabricated stories" and "transparent absurdity".

After the deaths of Princess Diana and Dodi, Fayed claimed that they had spent two hours together at his Villa Windsor in Paris, that Dodi had bought her an engagement ring and that this was why they were murdered. So the soaraway *Sun* paid the villa's head of security £40,000 for stills from the security camera, which revealed that the couple had actually spent just 28 minutes in the house. "Video That Shames Fayed," its headline screamed.

With astounding chutzpah Fayed promptly sued for breach of copyright, since the pictures were his. The *Sun* claimed publication was in the public interest and won in the high court. Not so, three appeal court judges have now ruled.

As Lord Justice Mance explained, in a most remarkable judgment: "If Mr Al Fayed's statements about a conspiracy to murder Diana, Princess of Wales, because of her love for his son had been anything other than ridiculous, and if the stills had any real bearing on the inaccuracy of such statements, then one might have begun to see some basis for suggesting that fair dealing justified the overriding of the claimant's proprietary copyright interest." But because Fayed's allegations about Diana and Dodi were a "transparent absurdity", the *Sun* had no right to use the pictures to disprove them.

Is this the first time in English law that a plaintiff has had a verdict in his favour purely and solely because he is universally known to be a congenital liar?

THE *Grauniad* made a big splash over the new year with its "discovery" of papers in the public record office relating to Harold Pinter's attempt to get out of national service in 1949.

The documents included a letter from his old form-master arguing that a spell in the forces "would do Harold Pinter a world of good", a statement from Harold himself describing the army as "an organisation whose main purpose is mass murder", and a complaint from the national service tribunal that Pinter was tiresomely "dogmatic".

All most interesting – as indeed it was when Dr A.D. Harvey first wrote an article in the *Independent* quoting the same documents and helpfully giving the full number of the PRO file for the benefit of future researchers. Harvey's piece appeared on 21 December 1991, a mere nine years before the *Guardian*'s great scoop.

HOW SCOOPS DON'T HAPPEN...

Sent by: Lorna Duckworth
To: Independent_Global
Subject: plea from Lorna

dear everyone in the newsroom, there are just two of us on the newsdesk today so please come forward if you have any stories for tomorrow, thanks to you all lorna

— Internal email, the *Independent*

LORD GNOME has been asked to solve a mystery that is puzzling hacks at the *Scotsman*, now owned by the lovely Barclay twins and steadily losing circulation under the sure guidance of its publisher, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill.

The mystery is this: why did the Barclays buy the paper in the first place? Scotland is not and never will be a fertile ground for right-wing journalism, and Brillo Pad's attempts to ram his gung-ho politics down Scottish throats are producing vitriolic outbursts from disaffected ex-readers in the pages of other newspapers.

Every decent hack on the paper has left, to be replaced by what one former reader calls "journalistic skinheads, whose contempt for all things Scottish is matched only by their ignorance". (The latest editor, Irishman Alan Ruddock, who was sacked by Brillo last month, managed the impressive feat of running an Edinburgh-based paper while still living in Dublin.) Given the downward spiral of sales figures, it can't be a sound business investment or have a hope in hell of ever being one. Why oh why, then, are the Barclays and Brillo holding on to the *Scotsman*?

Here are a couple of clues:

FACT: The *Scotsman* recently ran a big piece by deputy editor Alan Taylor praising his "read of the week", a new book attacking "feudal" government of Sark. Since Sark is a tiny island with a population of just 500, and lies many miles away from Scotland, this might seem an eccentric choice. As Taylor noted, however: "There are indications that Sark is slowly and inevitably being dragged into the 20th century, if not yet the 21st, through the European Court of Human Rights." And who are the public-spirited chaps bringing this European case? Step forward the Barclay brothers, owners of neighbouring Brecqhou island – and, er, the *Scotsman*.

FACT: On 12 February the *Scotsman* carried a long news story reporting that the new rector of St Andrews University had used his inaugural address to attack the Scottish executive's "botched job" on tuition fees. Further on in the paper, the speech was reprinted in full over an entire page, together with a fetching photo of the new rector in his regalia. Who he? Step forward, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill.

The *Scotsman* may be a commercial and journalistic disaster, but as a vanity publishing outlet it is second to none.

"When disaster threatens we'd like you to turn into a reporter"

AS AN admirer of Napoleon, Conrad Black knows that an army marches on its stomach. But his henchman Dan Colson, chief executive of the *Telegraph*, has clearly never heard of this useful advice.

On Valentine's Day he informed *Telegraph* hacks that from 14 March the staff canteen would serve only sandwiches and salads instead of hot meals, and that its opening hours would be restricted to 8am to 6pm, Monday to Friday. Fortunately, he added, in the Canary Wharf complex "there is now a large selection of restaurants, sandwich bars, cafes, etc, to suit all tastes and budgets".

Despite running two national newspapers, Colson was apparently unaware that many hacks and computer boffins at the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraph* work at nights and weekends, when all the local cafes are firmly shut. But he is aware of it now: within two days of the announcement, Colson had been bombarded with dozens of angry emails from his galley-slaves – "appalling", "a disgrace", etc, etc.

Chief reporter Colin Randall wrote that "our claim to be producing the finest newspaper in the English-speaking world [sic] would be laughable if everyone went home at six and never worked weekends or bank holidays." Columnist Tom Utley sent a versified protest: "Our leading executive, Dan,/Devised an economy plan./To conserve precious dosh/He deprived us of nosh/So we ate him instead, foolish man."

Peterbore hack Charlie Methven warned Colson that "there seems to be no more surefire way than this to drive *Telegraph* staff out of the office and into pubs" – a prospect which Methven found almost too ghastly to contemplate.

Still, there are limits to Colson's penny-pinching zeal. Even if the canteen is closed, the "executive dining area" reserved for eminences such as Charles Moore and Colson himself will remain open, whatever the cost.

IT IS not every day that a yob who hurls racist abuse at a holidaymaker finds himself on page two of a newspaper, complete with colour photograph and appropriate headline: "Malin Head Case Fined".

Donegal farmer John Gallagher's problems began when he saw a family encroaching on what he regarded as his sacred native land, Malin Head. He informed the tourists that they were trespassing; but a Mr Derek Gallop replied that there was no sign to indicate this.

Gallagher lost his head and ranted on, explaining that "what makes it worse is that you are English. Do you not realise the Irish hate the English? You are the scum of the earth."

Apparently this isn't generally true, but Gallagher continued to verbally abuse the hapless visitors. This turned out to be a mistake as Gallop is the *Mirror*'s night editor and was visiting Donegal as a guest of Bord Failte, the Irish tourist board. As a result the boys in blue became involved and Gallagher was fined IR£400 and given a two-month suspended prison sentence.

The next day he featured more prominently in the *Mirror*'s Irish edition than General Pinochet and the terrorists responsible for the Omagh bombing.

GIVEN the fuss he has been kicking up over Piers Morgan's share dealing, you might think *Sun* editor David Yelland would exercise some careful editorial control over what the Dirty Digger *(shurely business editor Ian King?)* places in his own city column. Not so.

On 10 February it led with "SKY ROCKETS", a four-column plug plus graphic on how "satellite broadcaster BSkyB's shares soared to an all time high last night after delighting the City with its Internet plans".

A naïve reader might see this as a deliberate attempt to boost business for BSkyB's parent company, News Corps, which also happens to own the *Sun* and in which Yelland and other staff members have lucrative share options. After all, that was exactly what the column accused *Mirror* city reporter Anil Bhoyrul of doing only days before with restaurant chain Belgo, in which he owns 10,000 shares.

But that would be uncharitable. After all, as the column is so eager to inform its readers, whereas the *Mirror* is "sick" and "in disarray", it is undoubtedly "THE PAGE YOU CAN TRUST".

GREY ARIAS

"Celeste AIDS"

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

ASTONISHING evidence of the way great minds run along similar tracks comes from the London Symphony Orchestra's house mag *Living Music*.

Various celebs, including pop svengali turned independent London mayoral candidate Malcolm MacLaren, are asked to list their top 10 tunes of the 20th century. MacLaren comes up with a splendidly pseudish list of obscure works such as Berio's "Points on the Curve to Find" and Berg's "Altenberglieder", etc. Wot, no Sex Pistols?

By an amazing coincidence former BBC director-general John Birt is also asked to provide a list – and comes up with nine of MacLaren's 10 choices!

Any suggestion that the lists were provided by the LSO's marketing people and simply OK'd by the celebs' agents would be outrageous, were it not true.

MacLaren continues to chunter about his favourite music, this time in the *Grauniad*'s "My Cultural Life" column. For the lowbrows who read the *Graun* he raves about "Mamma Mia, the Abba musical, which was thoroughly entertaining". Wot, no Berio and Berg? He gushes: "Last week I saw *Dick Whittington*, which I adored... This week I'm seeing *Soho Story* at the Young Vic... a jazzy thing about the London underworld in the 1950s."

How odd that he does not mention the LSO's concert of the same week featuring Boulez's "Explosion Fixe" – number two on Maclaren's "20th century Top 10".

LONDON'S musical hit of the millennium, *Royal Opera Follies,* dances on. During rehearsals in the pit, one string player takes a rest and lays down his bow; when he reaches for it again, he finds that £4,000 worth of horsehair has disappeared down a crack in the floorboards.

Musicians at the £214m new ROH are not overly impressed that in redesigning the building architect Jeremy Dixon thoughtfully included "sunbathing terraces for ballet dancers" but neglected to provide a permanent rehearsal space for the orchestra. When not in the pit, they have to hire a studio from English National Opera in faraway Hoxton.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

HACKWATCH

Ross Dross

SINCE Lynn Barber sprang to fame, dozens of ambitious hackettes have decided that the easiest route to media stardom is to become an interviewer with a big byline. But it isn't as easy as it looks.

Barber was genuinely curious about her subjects, and if they burst into tears or lost their temper it told us more about them than about their inquisitor. About Barber herself – her love-life, her wardrobe, her children – we learned next to nothing.

For the wannabe Barbies, however, the "interview" is merely a vehicle for their own egomania. Take Deborah Ross of the *Independent*, who was recently named Feature Writer of the Year...

11 October 1999: Deborah meets the poet laureate Andrew Motion. "He is extremely tall (six foot one) and, yes, extremely dishy... I may be quite smitten. In other circumstances, I think we could have become the Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett of our time." But that's enough about Andrew. Deborah then regales us – and Motion – with reams of her own poetry. Understandably enough, he hastily remembers that he has a train to catch. "He may be almost as poetic as me," Deborah sighs.

18 October: Deborah interviews Sir Tim Rice while he's driving from London to the Cheltenham literary festival. To break the ice, she reveals that she knows *Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat* off by heart. "Indeed, as I tell Sir Tim at some length, my little sister and I spent a huge chunk of our childhood playing the cassette and acting out all the parts. Being older, I was always Pharaoh, of course, while she had to do the 'bub-she-waddy-waddys' in the background. Occasionally, she would protest, but a few choice Chinese burns would quickly bring her back in line. Would you like to hear my Pharaoh, Tim?" He gets it anyway, plus the rest of the score. "He sighs. I think he thinks this is going to be an excruciatingly long journey. I know! I'll talk about cricket." She informs Sir Tim that it's a bloody boring game. He sighs again. When they get back to London, shortly before midnight, he does not invite her in for a nightcap, "which is a shame".

25 October: "It is early in the morning. It is 8am or thereabouts. I am not at my best at this time." And yet, to her annoyance, Deborah has to interview Tom Baker in a cafe off Shaftesbury Avenue. "I would like a nice cup of tea now. But Tom is deafeningly unstoppable... Does he ever shut up?" The foolish man has assumed that, since she asked for an interview, Debs wants him to talk about himself. Not an *Indie* reader, clearly.

8 November: "I must say I rather fancy David Baddiel at the off," Deborah reports. "Possibly, it's something of a Jewish thing." She's even willing to overlook his new beard, though "beards have never especially been my thing, not since a beardy old uncle of mine once told me..." And she's off into a lengthy reminiscence, which leads into further stories about her childhood in Hampstead Garden Suburb, her shopping, her sexual fantasies and much else. But Baddiel does finally get a look-in: after reading a psychiatry book, Deborah concludes that he has a "narcissistic personality disorder", defined as "a grandiose sense of self-importance" and "a lack of empathy and unwillingness to recognise or identify with the feelings and needs of others". Indeed.

29 November: Deborah goes to interview Max Clifford. "I'm carrying Alan Titchmarsh's secret love child," she announces. "And I'll reveal all for £400,000! How about it, Max?" Throughout the "interview", Deborah keeps returning to her hilarious Titchmarsh fantasy, adding that she's willing to pose in hot-pants and wellington boots. Max makes his excuses and leaves. "He says he has to meet someone for lunch."

6 December: "I am not, initially, well-disposed to meeting Greta Scacchi," Deborah reveals. Not that she feels threatened by Greta's reputation as a sizzling sex-siren, you understand: "I can sizzle with my clothes off. Or would do if, say, I ever chose to cook sausages in the nude, an act that, now I come to think of it, rather grabs my fancy." Deborah's problem is that she has a cold and a headache. Still, Scacchi seems sympathetic, and "gives me a lift to the station in her Mercedes, which is nice... I go home, and go to bed. I've a temperature by the evening. I can't do steamy but I am, I discover, quite good at sweaty. In fact, I think I could get an Oscar for sweaty." And, er, what was it like meeting Greta Scacchi? "I think it may have been nice."

10 January 2000: Off to Harrods, where Mohamed Fayed showers gifts upon the Feature Writer of the Year, including a large bottle of expensive French scent. "This very special perfume," he leers. "You wear it next time you have date with me." After listening to Deborah witter on for a while, however, even Fayed's enthusiasm begins to flag. "He tells me I must go. 'Please, please, I have two meetings.'" Makes a change from the old lunch-engagement excuse, eh?

17 January: And so to Quo Vadis, Marco Pierre White's Soho restaurant. "Champagne for Deborah," he cries out to staff. As she notes dreamily: "I feel brilliantly important. I feel like a proper celebrity." She duly concludes that White is a good egg, his only fault being that he is "sensationally egotistical".

24 January: Deborah interviews the former *Coronation Street* actress Sarah Lancashire, who has "the sort of wonderful complexion I'm going to have in my next life, because I've told God I'll be very good in this one if he lets me have a wonderful complexion in the next". But that's enough about Sarah. Deborah prefers to talk about herself – her refusal to shop at Prada, her smoking habits, her son's footballing skills. Sarah listens politely. Later, when Sarah thinks she's been recognised by a group of workmen in the street, Deborah tells her "not to be so egotistical". Sarah apologises. A subsequent calculation by the *Guardian*'s media section reveals that Deborah has managed to use the word "I" a mere 21 times in the first three paragraphs.

7 February: Deborah meets the crusading left-wing lawyer Michael Mansfield QC. "He is magnificently tall, with over-the-collar hair. He is wearing a dashing, multi-coloured, velvety scarf... Tragically, I don't get flirted with at all." Never mind: at least he's a good listener. Which is just as well, as Deborah tells him how she became a vegetarian for a while to annoy her parents, and how she used to hang around the Finchley Lido pretending to be an au pair girl in the hope of getting chatted up.

14 February: Deborah isn't "that excited" about meeting Vanessa Mae, having heard that she's a bit cold and aloof. But, as it turns out, the violinist couldn't be more cooperative, letting the interviewer babble on about herself without interruption. Deborah admits that she knows zilch about music, but can play *Chopsticks* and *Three Blind Mice* on the piano.

"How...nice," Vanessa Mae eventually replies.

POPEYE

"IT's the most eagerly awaited album of the year – and I've got my hands on it first," boasted Dominic Mohan on the *Sun*'s Bizarre page last week.

The record was the latest offering from ageing rock has-beens Oasis, and, Mohan went on, in an "exclusive review... I'm going to take you through it track by track".

Er... in fact Mohan's review was only exclusive in that he thought that the album was good. It had already been written off as bland and predictable by *Select*, *NME*, the *Big Issue* and countless other magazines who had received promo copies of the record around three weeks earlier and had printed their own track-by-track reviews.

Even regional rag the *Manchester Evening News* pre-empted Mohan by a fortnight. "The world's No. 1 showbiz column" had to wait until review copies arrived in the offices of just about every publication in the country bar *Horse and Hound* on 16 February, long after the record company's favoured journalists had had extensive first dibs.

Could Mohan's excessive arslikhan ("Oasis are as relevant as ever... they still speak for our generation... the greatest band to come out of this country since The Beatles", etc) in his own "exclusive" review be an attempt to get back into favour in time for the next album release?

1999 Advanced Level Pass Rate 91%
76% of GCSE grades at A* -B
82% English Litreture A* -B
Moore House School advertisement

IN THE TEAROOM

BACK in the days of the Thatcher terror there was a much-loved parliamentary tradition called the backbench rebellion. Remember Colonel Mates's brave stand on the poll tax? It was kept up under John Major during the rows over the Maastricht treaty. Few of them ever did any good – but they reminded us from time to time that we are a democracy.

"New" Labour promised a new sort of politics. And that's one pledge the party has delivered. Under this government it's not the backbenchers who hang around the tearoom muttering treason in the corner – it's the ministers.

They divide pretty evenly between the wannabes and the wannados. It's easy to keep the wannabes sweet – you just give them fancy titles like secretary of state for health. But the wannados are never happy unless they are achieving things. Pity poor Barbara Roche at the home office. She desperately wants to sort out the backlog of asylum seekers. She wants to do it fairly and efficiently and without resort to borderline racist rhetoric. But where's the money, Tony?

Or John Spellar over at the MoD, who's fed up with getting his ears bashed by generals, air vice marshals and rear admirals over the cash crisis in the armed forces. Or Malcolm Wicks, minister for lifelong learning, who is constantly reminded of those pre-election visions of education for life but has precious little to deliver.

Or John Battle and Peter Hain at the foreign office – idealists both, and true believers in an ethical dimension to foreign policy even if Robin Cook isn't any more – how do you suppose they feel when every ethical initiative is overruled by an amoral DTI? And then there are the disappeared. Where on earth is Chris Mullin, select committee scourge of freemasons and spooks? Buried in John Prescott's superministry, that's where. He got more useful business done in opposition.

There's no point complaining to Number 10. Tony Blair's recent health spending pledge on the Frost programme (quickly retracted after a rap over the knuckles from the chancellor) was his way of saying "don't look at me guys, I'm in the same boat". And there's no point looking to the backbenches for support. Diane Abbott might fancy herself all done up like Liberty on the barricades, but Diane alone does not a rebellion make. There is probably only one way to get a serious improvement in public services – and that is for middle-ranking government ministers to go on strike. That old scouse bruiser Peter Kilfoyle has shown the way – up and out. Has anyone the guts to follow? Watch this space.

'Urquhart'

"IF you choose Andrew, you choose an experienced and respected figure on the national stage. But you also choose someone who will work hard for Bassetlaw, who will be loyal and will make it his first priority to serve you as your constituency MP."

With an endorsement like this from foreign secretary Robin Cook, a young man could indeed go far. But who is this "experienced and respected figure on the national stage?" Step forward Andrew Hood, chair of the Blairite think tank, the Foreign Policy Centre, whose day job is... special adviser to Robin Cook.

Andrew Hoo-he? makes other bold claims in his bid to succeed Joe Ashton in this safe Labour seat. In a CV circulating among credulous Labour party members, he apparently "helped achieve new EU wide controls on arms exports; helped secure trade union and pension rights for workers at GCHQ; and represented Britain at international negotiations '97-99."

In between globe trotting and representing Britain in various international forums, he also "co-authored *Common-Sense* with Tony Benn, while gaining the backing of trade unions MSF, Unison and train drivers union Aslef. "We've heard of this young man," says an Aslef spokesman. "We know nothing about backing him. But you can bet we are looking into it."

ON 13 December last year, the data protection registrar issued a press release about its eagerly awaited investigation into claims that Frank Dobson's mayoral campaign team had received lists of members' names and addresses directly from Labour party headquarters at Millbank.

Thirty complaints had been received, it revealed, and "investigations into this matter continue".

More than two months later and, er, "investigations into this matter continue" – to the huge relief of Dobbo and his little helpers.

ON THE eve of Labour's ballot to choose a mayoral candidate, the Wimbledon MP Roger Casale sent a doom-laden letter to local party members warning what would happen if Red Ken were selected.

"Stories about a divided Labour Party will appear in the press... Many first time voters in London will be driven away from supporting us at the ballot box..." How unlike the consequences of choosing dear old Frank Dobson!

At the end of the letter, Casale added a PS: "Please find enclosed Peter Kellner's article from this week's *Evening Standard*." This is the same Peter Kellner who, in another *Standard* article, complained that his house insurance premiums had been increased when the insurance company discovered that the Blairs were regular weekend guests.

What better way for Casale to clinch his argument than by sending out an article by such a famously unbiased commentator?

IN THEIR determination to secure the job of general secretary for favoured candidate Dave Prentis, the comrades at Unison look set to fall into the same trap as the Labour party's Millbank Tendency did with Frank Dobson and the London mayoral election.

Determined to block any support for boat-rocker and leftwinger Roger Bannister, Unison officials appear to have passed a computerised list of branch secretaries to the Prentis camp for campaigning purposes. (Union ballot rules say that "branch and workplace registers cannot be used for election").

Not surprisingly Bannister and Malkiat Bilku, the third candidate for the job of running Britain's largest trade union, felt this was a little unfair. As with the London mayoral debacle, complaints about the alleged misuse of computer records have been lodged with the data protection registrar.

FEW on Murkeyside believe Peter Kilfoyle resigned from the government "to spend more time with his constituents".

When the portly MP for Liverpool Walton was seen in the Pugin room having his glass filled by Charlie "Lord Dome" Falconer, many regarded it as an attempt to keep Kilfoyle in line and persuade him to stand as elected mayor of Liverpool. However, since then he has gone decidedly off message.

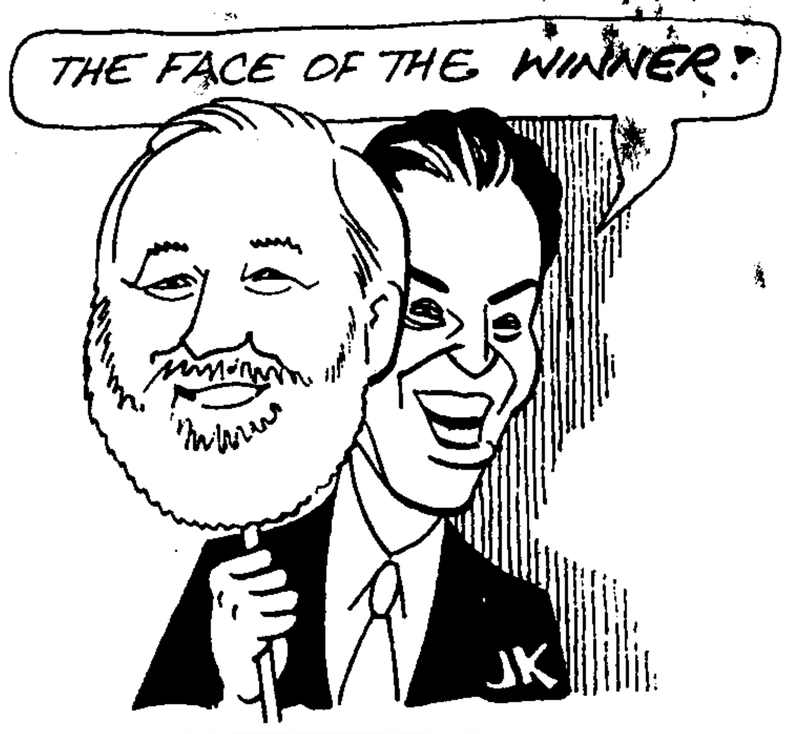
Kilfoyle overstepped the mark in his self-appointed role as "friendly critic" of Blairism a few days later when he laid into the Mandelson tendency which he considers has treated him shabbily. When he was appointed to the cabinet office in 1997, Kilfoyle was at the bottom of Blair's appointment list – a poor reward for longstanding loyalty.

His subsequent move to defence was regarded as demotion. A round peg in a square military hole, Kilfoyle was particularly put out when one ministerial duty required him to dine with Lady Thatch. Now he threatens to become a focus for old Labour malcontents, capable of grouping 20 to 30 like-minded MPs around him. His attacks on "middle Englandism" earned a rebuke from Liverpool Labour party leader, Gideon Ben Tovim.

The prospect of new division in Liverpool's Labour ranks will not endear itself to disaffected voters in a city where the party has been unable to find enough candidates to stand in next May's council elections. It is also particularly ironic, given that Kilfoyle's previous role in the city was to purge dissidents, that he may yet end up being a source of friction himself.

THE serious illness of veteran Labour MP Robert Sheldon postpones, perhaps for ever, the answer to a prevailing mystery about Peter Mandelson.

Two months ago Richard Heller, a former Labour apparatchik, wrote to the parliamentary commissioner



on standards, Elizabeth Filkin, to suggest that her committee might reopen its inquiry into Mandelson's famous £373,000 loan from his colleague Geoffrey Robinson.

Heller set out six points which raised doubts about the committee's previous inquiry and hearings. Chief among these was Mandelson's obsession that he could have bought his expensive house in Notting Hill with money from his mother since she had "come in for a considerable inheritance – a very considerable inheritance – from my father when he died in 1988".

Heller referred to the published will of Mandelson's father – advertising manager to the *Jewish Chronicle* – in which he left net estate of £45,844.43: hardly enough to pay for the Notting Hill home. Heller also asked five other pertinent questions. In a letter on 11 February the committee clerk replied only to Heller's first point: "The chairman of the committee, Mr Robert Sheldon, has informed the committee that Mr Mandelson has shown him, in confidence, documents which establish to his satisfaction that Mr Mandelson's family had sufficient resources to provide him with the balance of the purchase price for his house... The committee, accordingly, does not propose to take the matter any further."

Heller is very unhappy with this response. "Mr Sheldon evidently accepted conditions on the production of Mr Mandelson's documents," he writes. "This opens a precedent for other MPs to put on public record a partial and self-seeking account of any matter under investigation by the Committee, but then deny the public the right to judge the evidence which supports it."

ON 24 January tough-talking social security secretary Alistair Darling announced his intention to clamp down on benefit fraud by setting up a national fraud unit and strengthening the powers of investigators across the benefits system.

But bosses at the Benefits Agency in the south west know this to be pure spin. A week earlier, on 19 January, a management meeting was called at the Exeter office to discuss a series of drastic cost-cutting measures after the agency learnt that as part of revised spending figures for all areas, it must make a saving of £20m by the end of this financial year.

The measures included sacking all casual staff three days before Darling's announcement. Despite permanent employees also leaving in droves because of poor morale, no additional staff will be taken on until April. Wherever possible the payment of bills will also be deferred until April.

Security checks on benefits have been relaxed, no action is to be taken on recovering debts this year and routine visits to claimants to check entitlement have been stopped. What would Darling make of such a blatant invitation to commit benefit fraud?

SEMI-REDUNDANT Scottish secretary John Reid made good use of his ample free time the other week when he attended the Westminster launch of an exhibition celebrating Scotland's favourite nuclear power station.

Powerlines claims to be "a remarkable photographic record of the impact of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment of Dounreay on the people and environment of Caithness".

Oddly the display fails to show any pictures of the devastating impact when the atomic waste shaft exploded in 1977, blowing off the concrete lid and exposing the good folk of Caithness to the lethal radioactive rubbish within.

NOOKS and CORNERS

THE SNP likes to see itself as the sleaze-busting party in the Scottish parliament – but it is not always so keen to root out bad behaviour in its own ranks.

The party's Edinburgh HQ has been unusually quiet following press revelations about local government spokesman Kenny Gibson MSP, who has been accused of attacking a disabled fellow SNP member.

Gill Strachan, who has now torn up her membership card, claims Gibson shouted and swore at her and pushed her, even though she was on crutches, following a booze cruise on Loch Ness after last year's party conference. She reported the incident to the SNP parliamentary group secretary the next morning, but believes party bosses covered up the incident, prompting her to go public.

The SNP says the matter has been dealt with internally and that's that – leaving Gibson free to concentrate on scrutinising the plans for, er, an ethical standards in local government bill.

Even at the height of the troubles, the IRA used Semtex sparingly, for bombs of up to 2lb and mortar shells, or to detonate care bombs. *The Times*

HOOK, LINE AND STINKER...

LORD Jamie Lindsay, ex-Tory government environment minister and head boy of Scottish Quality Salmon – the organisation promoting Dutch and Norwegian companies which control 60 percent of Scotland's fish farm production – claims: "The Scottish salmon farming industry is the most tightly regulated in the world; every stage of the salmon farming process is rigorously controlled by the Scottish Executive (SE) and by Sepa (Scottish environment pollution agency)."

Yes indeedy. Controls are so "tight" that several million farm salmon have been allowed to escape from their cages during the past two decades. Escapees compete with wild fish for food and spawning habitat; and interbreed with native species, thus diluting the genetic integrity of wild salmonids. Since August 1997 alone the SE admits that more than 400,000 farm fish have done a runner.

And the regulations are so very "rigorous" that the SE is the last to know when escapes happen. There is no legal requirement for fish farmers to report escapes. All Gillian Moynihan, from the SE rural affairs department, says is that "measures in the pipeline include a statutory requirement for farmers to notify the department when escapes occur".

Asked how many farm fish had done a bunk during storms in January and February, an SE spokesman said: "The Scottish Executive has been notified of up to 23,000 salmon escaping in the fortnight (in question)". Whoops! A day later he revised that figure upwards to almost 60,000. Asked how many farm fish died in their cages during the storms, he said: "Until all farms are next inspected the numbers of mortalities during the fortnight in question cannot be determined." Whoops! A day later he confirmed that 300,000 fish had died in cages near the Orkney island of Shapinsay. In other words the SE doesn't have a clue what is going on down on the fish farm unless the fish farmers tell them or somebody blows the whistle.

Last July Dave Wyman (also from the SE rural affairs department) said: "We have established a joint working group... to investigate and report on measures necessary to improve containment, notification of escapes and recapture. The group is making good progress and we expect to have its report by the end of the year."

But no report has been published. While government ministers and officials chat over tea and biscuits with the salmon farmers, cages continue to lose thousands of fish. On average 15,000 farm salmon escape each month, invariably attributed to "adverse weather conditions", the excuse fish farmers trot out to disguise their own incompetence.

Apparently there is nothing the SE can do. As Gillian Moynihan explained: "Details we hold in respect of escapes and indeed, information generally, is protected by section 9 of the Disease of Fish Act 1983 under which we are only able to present details in a way which does not identify the companies concerned i.e. to protect commercial confidentiality."

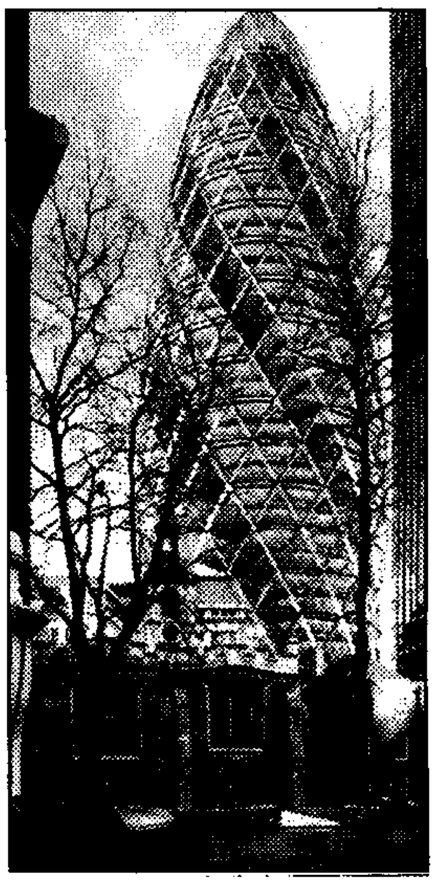
So that's all right, then.

THE bad that men do lives after them. In *Eye* 978 I discussed the exciting proposal by the Very Rev John Rogers, dean of Llandaff, to wreck the west end of his cathedral by replacing ancient tombs and winding paths with disabled ramps and new paving.

"Piloti wrote rubbish — and was very offensive," he complained in the October 1999 edition of *The Llandaff Monthly*. How very gratifying to get such a response. "Is there never to be any change?" the good dean then asked, piling cliché upon cliché. "The cathedral is not a mausoleum. It is used by the living."

Quite so, and I recognise that Llandaff has seen many extraordinary changes. John Wood of Bath built an Italianate temple inside the ruins of the medieval church, then Prichard and Seddon swept it away in the 19th century when the ancient fabric was restored. More recently, George Pace made dramatic alterations following severe bomb damage during the second world war. The point is that all these changes were necessary and considered; to alter the unique configuration of the west entrance is merely change for change's sake.

To emphasise how special and beautiful the setting is, I quote Robin Simon, editor of *The British Art Journal* and the son of the dean who brought in Pace and Jacob Epstein.



The west front of Llandaff Cathedral, both inside and out, is one of the great architectural set pieces, not only in Wales but in Europe. The experience is one that depends upon its ancient position, in a steep hollow, hidden from those marauders of the Dark Ages. It begins with a sight of the spire and tower seen from the Green, at a level high above the nave roof. The ideal approach then is down the Dean's Steps, a narrow path overhung with trees, that give only glimpses of the architectural splendour ahead. And suddenly the West front soars steeply above, its height exaggerated by the cramped space before the church. And all around, huddled as if for comfort close against the west door, are the headstones and chest tombs of the departed. Inside, the same effect is repeated but in an entirely different way, with a steep descent to the nave floor and then the view looking up and along the nave towards Epstein's great Majestas high above.

Well, Dean Rogers has now gone, but that does not mean that the very special character of the west front — painted by Turner, among others — is safe. Grand prelates do not relish dissent so, out of pique — and despite the fact that the diocesan advisory committee objected to the proposals — the deanless Dean and Chapter have petitioned the chancellor, the Rev B.M. Lodwick, for a faculty to get a revised scheme through — a useful method as it deters objectors fearful of being saddled with ponderous legal costs and keeps the decision safely in the hands of the clergy. In this new scheme, prepared by the cathedral architect Michael Clews, tombs are to be shifted to make way for a paved piazza in front of the west door.

What is it for? Interestingly the justification of disabled access through the west door has been quietly forgotten as this would mean constructing a gigantic ramp down to the nave floor to replace the existing steep steps. Much has been made of evacuating the cathedral in an emergency, but there are already additional large doors to the north and south, while satisfactory disabled access is provided by the south-east door. In fact this gratuitous tampering at a cost of more than £150,000 is merely to provide a space for worshippers to stand and gossip before proceeding to the Prebendal House for the obligatory cup of coffee.

And CADW, the agency for Welsh historic monuments, has raised no objection, thereby adding to its well-earned reputation as a useless, supine body incapable of protecting the fragile architectural heritage of Wales.

OF COURSE the desire to leave a mark, mess things up, is an expression of the masculine, macho principle which is so important in the dynamic, thrusting culture of Modern British Architecture. And what is proposed at Llandaff is nothing compared with the sleek, High Tec cod-piece the City of London wants to erect on the site of the Baltic Exchange.

Originally promoted as the Millennium Tower, this is to be the tallest building in London: a sheath-like glass tower designed by Foster & Partners, that is, by the international design machine presided over by My Lord Foster.

Along with St Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, the Baltic Exchange — a decent, solid turn-of-the-century classical pile — was heavily damaged by an IRA bomb in 1992. After a long battle against cynical acquiescence, St Ethelburga's is now being restored and rebuilt. So why not the Baltic Exchange?

Unfortunately the damage to the structure was so great it has been written off by English Heritage. But why not rebuild it in replica? That is what happened to important historic buildings in Warsaw, St Petersburg and Dresden that were destroyed in the second world war. The Baltic Exchange was a listed building, after all. The trouble is that the site is worth far too much.

Swiss Re now wants to erect a tower on the site to accommodate some 4,000 office workers. Swiss Re only employs 800, so a skyscraper is not really necessary; but it appeals to the flagging members of the City Corporation, childishly anxious to assert the image of the City of London and have an erection bigger than the Canary Wharf tower.

To resist this monstrous over-development, with which the City's existing transport infrastructure may well not be able to cope, the chairman of the City Heritage Society has, for the first time in its 27 year history, written individually to every member of the corporation's planning committee pointing out, inter alia, that such tall buildings are inefficient and old hat and that "a skyscraper of this kind would not be permitted in Swiss Re's home town of Zurich — nor in any other of Europe's historic commercial city centres. In Paris, Milan, Amsterdam, Munich they adhere to absolute rules on scale and skyline. No divergence is allowed however famous the architect or egotistical the developer."

But in Britain My Lords Foster and Rogers have attained a stratospheric elevation beyond criticism, to be regarded as symbols of Cool Britannia who can do no wrong. And that, of course, is why we were lumbered with the bloody dome.

'Piloti'

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

IN clear breach of European union (EU) antitrust law, Italian opposition leader Silvio Berlusconi controls three TV stations in Italy and has countless other media interest all over Europe.

His party Forza Italia, one of the main parties in the European People's Party Group, owes its presence there to Berlusconi's defiance of the law. And then there are his political allies...

As Berlusconi prepares for local elections, his prospective coalition is made up of Alleanza Nazionale, the direct descendants of the Italian fascists, and the Northern League led by Umberto Bossi, whose xenophobic declarations are well documented. When this hideous grouping formed a government in 1994, the EU threatened no Haider-style sanction against Italy; and nor does it do so now. Indeed Berlusconi, with typical cheek, joins the EU's chorus of disapproval of Austria's new right-wing government.

Berlusconi gets away with this kind of conflict of interest and these kind of coalition partners in Italy because, quite simply, the rule of law does not apply here. But why is he being allowed to get away with it in Europe?

The legal answer is that the rule of law does not apply in Europe either. But there is also a political reason. The EU commission is run by an Italian (Romano Prodi, whose appointment was rubber-stamped by Berlusconi), and the antitrust commission by another Italian (Mario Monti — a Berlusconi appointee five years ago!) Thus there will be no troublesome EU investigations for Silvio.

EYE TV

So Graham Norton (Channel 4)
Justice In Wonderland (BBC2)

THERE'S a current delusion among political spin-doctors that inane light entertainment shows — *Des O'Connor Tonight, Richard And Judy, Breakfast With Frost* — are a safe environment for ministerial appearances.

In fact, as with much of the received wisdom about TV, this is nonsense. The decline in the standing of the House of Windsor can quite seriously be dated to the screening of *It's A Royal Knockout!* and Nelson Mandela's handlers were probably wise to refuse those invitations from *Blankety-Blank*. For, just a week ago, British politics' closest current thing to a Mandela — Mo Mowlam, survivor of brain surgery, Northern Ireland and hostile anonymous briefings — destroyed all mystique and forfeited all sympathy with a short appearance on Channel 4's camp chat show, **So Graham Norton**.

While Julian Clary — one of the few other openly gay performers on British television — celebrates his outness with outrageous reference to homosexual activity, Norton's mission is to make vaginal intercourse sound peculiar and outré. So he stands like an American at a cricket match while tanked-up members of the audience describe sexual experiences.

In the week when the northern MP's career went south, these happened to be a woman who had a disaster with a last-minute pubic manicure before going on a date and someone else who had bought a talking vibrator which, inevitably, started giving the throaty come-on from within a handbag at an inopportune time.

This was the warm-up for the interview with the Rt Hon Marjorie Mowlam. Norton's show is recorded and so she wasn't to know that it would go out just hours after the suspension of the Northern Ireland assembly and even Peter Mandelson isn't Machiavellian enough to have abandoned home rule purely because he'd heard that Mo would be telling dirty jokes on a chat-show that night.

Even so, a smart operator would have known that it was a period in which politicians connected with the province should show some dignity. They should have remembered Peter Brooke singing ditties on TV on the evening of an IRA atrocity.

But Mo sat there doing gags about men's ignorance of the clitoris and then agreed to act as father of the "bride-groom" in a wedding between two dogs. Mo's admirers had assumed that "new" Labour was simply playing dirty with the rumours that her mind hadn't quite been right since the tumour but, as you watched this woozy exercise in political suicide, you wondered if the stories weren't right.

What was so strange about Mo on the show was that you had to keep reminding yourself that here

"I'm going on-line and may be sometime!"

was a serving member of a cabinet. The only precedent for such antics involved politicians — Jerry Hayes, David Mellor, Neil Hamilton — who had been kicked out of office.

Ah, the Hamiltons. The usual rule of this column is not to write about programmes before they're available for viewing and certainly not before they're made. So let's allow for the fact that the forthcoming BBC2 drama-documentary **Justice In Wonderland** may turn out to be good and unproblematic. But the commission represents a trend which can be questioned already.

Justice In Wonderland is a dramatisation of the Hamilton v Fayed libel case. It follows the success of *The Colour Of Justice* and *Half The Picture*, two stage/television adaptations of the evidence given to the Stephen Lawrence and arms-to-Iraq inquiries respectively.

Yet, though sharing a genre with those shows, *Justice In Wonderland* does not share a production team and this is surely because the projects are crucially different. The previous courtroom dramas were a way of condensing vast and often recondite evidence in such a way as to publicise material which had attracted little public interest. With a few exceptions — such as Alan Clark and Michael Heseltine at the Scott inquiry — the witnesses were not well known and so the acting of the evidence was at little risk of satire or caricature.

None of this applies to the Hamilton-Fayed trial, a spat between two mad fantasists, in which the more lurid exchanges were played out daily across papers of all shapes. And drama-documentary's pretence of objectivity — always open to question — will surely be ended forever by this enterprise. It's no accident that television and radio court reporters read out the witness-box dialogue in an uninflected baritone with straight faces: they know that the drawled voice or twitching eyebrow might constitute comment and therefore contempt of court.

So how can the acting out of court-room transcripts be justified? Any good actor takes a stance on their character, offers a judgement. Charles Dance as Neil, Belinda Lang as Christine and Nadim Sawalha as Al Fayed are all luvvies of the superior rank who will surely wish to do more than repeat dialogue in a neutral tone. It comes as no surprise to read on the press release that the director's previous triumph was the Matthew Rose trial in EastEnders.

Just as worrying is the inevitable report that Christine Hamilton is to have a chat-show on cable or even one of the more desperate terrestrial channels. The growing belief that notoriety is just another kind of fame is one which producers need to lose fast.

'Square Eyes'

SPLIT personalities

Bob Moore

Bonnie Prince Charlie Dimmock

MEDIA NEWS

NEWS reaches the *Eye* of a "bounty scheme" being "cascaded" to senior pen-pushers at BBC technical support services. It concerns an unusual recruitment wheeze for BBC technology jobs.

Jobs are advertised internally and externally as usual, but under the scheme members of staff "at Grade 7 or above" are invited to endorse applicants for the jobs on offer. These applicants then indicate the name of their supporter and "once an appointment has been made… a bonus payment will be made to the member of staff who triggered the application".

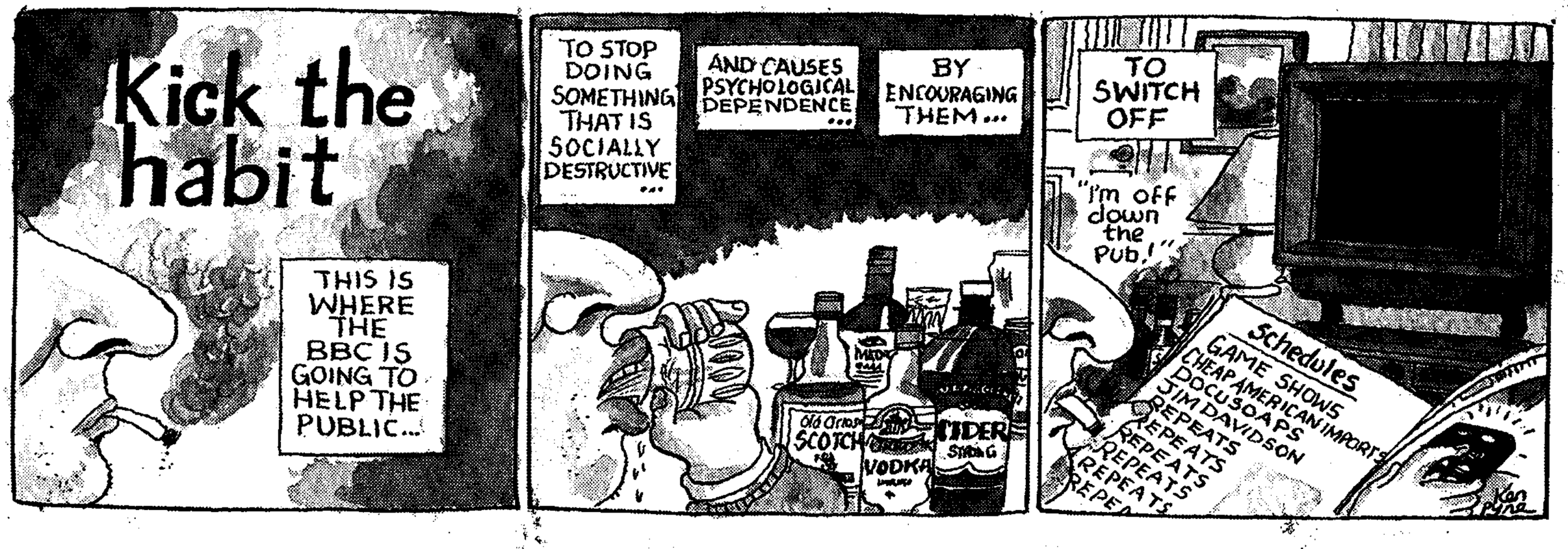
Hey presto! The staffer's chum gets a job and a wedge of licence-payer's cash finds its way into an unintended wage packet. "Bonus levels will be £1,500 for posts at Grade 9 and below, £3,000 for posts at grade 10 and above". External candidates, meanwhile, who would give anything for the chance to start a career on the BBC gravy train but don't have the right connections, get bugger all.

There is one fatal flaw to the scheme, however. As a memo makes clear: "No preferential treatment will be given to applicants who apply by this route" – so the whole exercise is just a way of directing licence money into undeserving pockets.

DEAF viewers in Northern Ireland were surprised when Peter Mandelson appeared on BBC's *Newsnight* not to discuss the crisis in the peace process but to advise them on sexual relationships.

The subtitles on the Valentine's Day regional opt out explained that people should not confuse romance with sexual relationships.

In fact Mandy has not made a career change to become an agony uncle: due to a technical hitch the wrong subtitles were shown.



FOLLOWING Kelvin Mackenzie's eccentric, spur-of-the-moment decision to turn Talk Radio into talkSport, a non-stop babble of football chat and cricket scores, it seems that some staff have still not adjusted to the new order.

"On Monday 14 February, I asked for ideas that would help boost our audience in March and April," Mackenzie's henchman Bill Newman writes in a stern memo sent to all production staff on 16 February. "Apart from Maxie Allen, Brough Scott and Adrian Durham, not one other member of staff has bothered to submit anything. I require one idea from each and every one of you by the end of tomorrow. Failure to do so means you are failing to do your job properly with the obvious consequences."

BACK in November *Mirror* "telly critic" Charlie Catchpole offered Greg Dyke some tips, saying: "He'll do well to take on board my 20 suggestions".

And what were the Great Critic's suggestions? They included advice about free thinking, far away from "the views of 'focus groups'"; a plea for courage "if new... dramas aren't overnight sensations, tell programme schedulers to hold their nerve"; and a word about ignoring ratings pressure – "insist that the BBC are not churning out feeble copies of ITV shows". In short "the BBC should concentrate on 'core values' of quality popular drama," etc, etc.

And how did Catchpole rate the quality popular drama *Gormenghast* that, whatever its faults, at least ignored the focus groups, ratings wars and was unlike anything ITV has ever done? "A lot of luvvie show-offs in fancy dress, shouting," he pouted. "By last night's final episode the audience had dwindled to little more than two million".

It had – but as almost all ratings-watchers failed to spot *Gormenghast* got the highest rating for a drama premier since 1996.

JUST three years ago BBC news hacks at Broadcasting House were moved to Stage 6, an expensive, state-of-the-art complex at the otherwise "dog-turd-infested scrub" of White City (*Scotsman* 11/11/96). This high-tech facility was intended "to drive the BBC into the millennium". The cost? Between £2m and £3m.

Back at BH the old studios and news rooms were torn down and the research libraries were either moved across London or chucked into skips. The space left behind was transformed into snazzy open plan "hubs" complete with basket-woven "objets d'art" and a machine to provide artificial background hubbub for Birt's legions of useless suits. Cost of this new "corporate centre"? A gob-smacking £50m.

The *Times* now reports that BBC governors are examining proposals to move news back to BH as part of what is laughingly referred to as a new "property strategy" – plans revealed in the *Eye* months ago. When exiled hacks return to their old desks, Stage 6 will be "modified" to cater for any managers who survive Greg Dyke's eagerly awaited cull.

Bounced by the latest story, Richard Sambrook, deputy chief executive of news, has written to staff revealing that if this option is approved "the strategy will probably need a private partner" – thus creating opportunities for yet more of the external consultancies Dyke says he is keen to see the back of.

MANY of the headlines generated by BBC director-general Greg Dyke's inaugural address to hacks at Television Centre focused on his refreshing attack on pointless bureaucracy and red tape.

Indeed, his view that it was vital to "spend as little as possible on running the BBC" by ditching pointless paperwork was widely quoted, along with reference to the applause his remarks received from the form-weary assembly.

Happily for the new D-G there was so much brown-nosing among media editors keen to get in with the new broom that there was no room for them to reveal that a "Greg Dyke's Staff Session – Your View" form was handed to each of the 450-strong audience as soon as his speech was over.

"Do you feel you heard credible answers to today's questions? Yes/No/Not Sure" read the easiest of the nine to answer. At the end of the form was a brusque instruction to "hand this in BEFORE YOU LEAVE" or send it via internal post to the corporate internal communications office. Most of the audience, happily, filed their forms in the waste bin.

WHAT does Channel 4 do with programme makers condemned by the TV watchdog, the Independent Television Commission (ITC), for using underhand editing techniques?

The answer is, er, hire them to make another programme.

Director Martin Durkin had his wrists slapped by the ITC over the 1997 documentary *Against Nature*, which argued the case for genetically modified food. The ITC ruled that four of the experts interviewed, including the head of Greenpeace, Lord Melchett, and the campaigns director of Friends of the Earth, Tony Juniper, were "misled as to the content and the purpose of the programmes when they agreed to take part" and that their views had been "distorted by selective editing".

Despite the damning ITC judgement the programme was seen at Channel 4 as something of a triumph, and science programmes commissioning editor Sarah Ramsden received high praise. Now Durkin is back with TV company Kugelblitz to make another programme in defence of genetic modification for Channel 4's *Equinox* series. Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace have turned down requests for interviews...

Have I Got News for You Satirical news quiz hosted by Angus Deayton, with Ian Hisplop and Paul Merton. Guests include Labour MP and candidate for Mayor of London, Glenda Jackson. (T) **8563**

TV Times

AS Granada tries to block the merger between Carlton and United, its corporate PR team announced this month that *Coronation Street* was to be exported to China.

Every newspaper fell for the story, emphasising that Granada was boosting British cultural industries by exporting its formats not only to China but also to Canada, right on the Yanks' doorstep.

This British triumph was picked up by the American trade paper *Studio Briefing*, which has plenty of readers in Canada. They, alas, were unconvinced by this PR drivel. As a result, *Studio Briefing* hastily ran the following correction: "In reporting on the projected launch of a Chinese version of the hit British soap opera *Coronation Street* on 8 February, we mentioned that it will be overseen by [Granada's] Eugene Ferguson, who launched *Riverdale*, a Canadian version of the soap. In fact, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation cancelled *Riverdale* after three seasons on 31 January."

Oh dear. Still, perhaps someone will keep the flag flying for Tony's beloved "creative industries" by exporting *TFI Friday* to Outer Mongolia — with Chris Evans thrown in for no extra charge.

OH, YEAH?

The Modern is looser, freer, more fragmented and more open-necked. If, in 1951, queues were found forming for nothing, the Dome's declared policy was queuelessness. No one should have to wait for what they wanted. It was the great change of the second half of the century...

If queues, despite the policy, happened to materialise, their members would be entertained, or persuaded to go somewhere else just as wonderful.

— *Regeneration: the story of the Dome* by Adam Nicolson

WORLD OF SPORT

THE so-called "nandrolone nightmare" that has hit British athletics, with Olympic gold medallist Linford Christie and at least four other top sprinters testing positive for the banned anabolic steroid, is little more than a bad dream compared to the trauma that BBC Radio Sport has been suffering over the latest dope-test revelations.

When newspapers broke the story that first Mark Richardson and then Marlon Devonish had both tested positive for nandrolone, Radio 5 Live was left in the starting blocks, which is a bit of a shame since both Richardson and Devonish are managed by BBC Radio's esteemed "expert" athletics commentator, Mike Whittingham.

Although a former international runner himself, Whittingham has little in the way of journalistic nous, nor the commonsense to keep his BBC superiors informed of the latest scandal to rock British athletics, with the Sydney Olympics just seven months away. His whingeing complaints at the way his clients' stories were handled by the print journos and his threats of legal action on behalf of Richardson and Devonish all came to nothing, mainly because every report about the positive drug tests was accurate.

Not that John Rawling, the grandly-titled BBC athletics correspondent, is likely to demand an inquiry into the reasons for Whittingham's reticence to share his information over the positive tests. Rawling and Whittingham are close mates, often enjoying a drink together after a hard day's toil over a lukewarm microphone. So after the news of the two positive tests had been broken in a Sunday newspaper, Rawling thought nothing of driving over to Richardson's home in Slough to "get the first radio interview" with the runner, and effectively cover for his friend.

It was this interview, broadcast late the following night, in which Richardson claimed boldly that he was prepared to take a lie detector test to prove he was innocent. Shame he and Whittingham were not wired up during the previous week, when they told at least three journalists that the positive drug tests were nothing to do with them.

It all smacked of the cover-up that the BBC indulged in last August when Linford Christie was given numerous opportunities to tell the world of his innocence of drug charges in suitably fawning BBC interviews. The BBC has a contract worth around £100,000 with Christie for his athletics "expertise" and to present the kids' programme *Recordbreakers*. Christie's positive drug test showed nandrolone metabolites more than 100 times over the allowed limit, not that the BBC let this undermine its interviewee's story, and Christie was back in front of the cameras working as a sports summariser before the end of the track season.

John Rawling's position on the innocence or guilt of Richardson and Devonish also represents a complete – and convenient – change in attitude for the man who maintained throughout her campaign to clear her name of similar drug charges that Diane Modahl was definitely guilty. Rawling once even went on air to criticise another BBC radio programme that had broadcast evidence to show that the tests that had caught Modahl were flawed.

This is also the same John Rawling who writes on boxing for the *Guardian*. His newspaper copy often features ring-side accounts of the latest fight he has just covered for the BBC – thus allowing licence payers to subsidise the *Grauniad*'s sports budget!

IT'S GRIM UP NORTH LONDON

KNIFE & PACKER

THAT'S JUST TYPICAL, LOOK AT THE HEAD ON THIS, JEZ
YE OLDE SOMERSET TAVERN
IT'S THESE COUNTRY PUBS. THEY'VE GOT NO IDEA HOW TO POUR A DECENT PINT
CAUGHT BY MR C EVERETT
BARMAN, CAN YOU TOP THESE UP PLEASE
WHEN WE ORDER A PINT OF SPARKLING MINERAL WATER WE EXPECT A PINT OF SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

SIGNAL FAILURES

Southall: Spot the Difference

THE official report on the Southall crash – soon to be published, two and a half years after the event – should be embarrassingly different from the findings of the rail industry's own inquiry.

When the railway was state owned, internal accident inquiries aimed to establish, quickly and in detail, what had gone wrong. But the internal Southall inquiry showed how privatisation has changed all that.

It got off to a bad start with the appointment of John Ellis as independent chairman. As Ellis was formerly Railtrack's production director, any findings of bad practice by Railtrack could reflect badly on the chairman. Ellis' name cropped up in the official Southall inquiry in relation to Railtrack's attempts in the mid-1990s to discredit automatic train protection (ATP) and talk up cheaper, less effective alternatives.

Great Western Trains chose as its representative on the inquiry panel not a director but its middle manager responsible for train operations and safety. She should have been a key witness, but was placed instead on the jury where she would not be able to give formal evidence.

When the inquiry got under way any witnesses who began to suggest signals near Paddington were badly located for visibility to drivers were thanked for their time and bundled from the stand. A key factor in the Southall accident, as the public inquiry later heard, was the industry's use of the automatic warning system (AWS) and ATP but, again, witnesses who held vital information were not fully questioned by the industry panel.

In its conclusions the panel grudgingly and vaguely admitted the way AWS rules were treated "may have been an underlying contributory factor to the circumstances of the accident". The panel's finding on ATP – the device that would obviously have prevented the crash if only it had been switched on – was breathtaking: it considered that the safe operation of the Swansea to London train which crashed was "not dependent on the pilot ATP scheme". Therefore it had not investigated "in detail the circumstances and underlying reasons" why the train – identified to signallers as a train running under automatic protection – did not operate "under ATP conditions".

Having found GWT blameless, the rail industry must have been surprised when the health and safety executive (HSE) then fined the company a record £1.5m for the Southall crash, pointing to its use of AWS and ATP.

The transformation of internal inquiries into corporate spin-doctoring exercises under a veneer of legal authority could not have come at a worse time. The public inquiry into Southall was delayed two years by attempts to prosecute the Great Western driver and GWT for manslaughter, both of which were thrown out of court. Had the industry's own inquiry (which reported in March 1998) pursued all relevant evidence on AWS, ATP and other central issues, the futility of manslaughter charges would have been realised soon after the accident, avoiding costly legal preparations.

The rail industry could have learned lessons from its inquiry long before the release of the now-imminent official report, but the industry panel closed its mind to evidence that signals near Paddington may not have been ideally positioned (a possibility roundly ignored in its conclusions). In the two years between its report and that of the official inquiry, 31 people died in the Ladbroke Grove accident – in which the position of signals may prove to have been a significant factor.

PS: The industry's farcical inquiry highlights the conflict of interest in Railtrack's responsibilities for running a safe railway and setting and policing safety standards (*Eyes passim*). Immediately after Paddington the government said it was "minded" to move safety to an independent body. Now the media have forgotten about the crash the government seems to be in favour of leaving Railtrack untouched.

'Dr B. Ching'

DOING THE ROUNDS

LAST JULY the board of the Royal Surrey Hospital NHS Trust asked its solicitors for advice on behalf of consultants who were unable to prescribe expensive drugs for the treatment of ovarian cancer because their budget for such treatments had been slashed by £150,000.

The consultants wanted to know if they should tell patients the truth – "There is a drug that might help you but we can't afford it" – or resort to kind but dishonest paternalism "There is no effective treatment for you".

The trust could have afforded the drug 18 months previously but was £1.4m in the red. As Prof Hilary Thomas, a cancer specialist, put it: "I have patients who are young and relatively fit and I have a dilemma about whether I am completely honest with them and leave them with the awful thought that if they were private patients they would be offered the drug."

The solicitors advised that doctors should always be entirely open and honest with patients, even if it leaves Prof Thomas with some tough consultations. One patient of his was denied the drug (Hycamtin or topotecan) and died shortly afterwards. He then had to face her husband knowing she hadn't been given the best possible chance of living.

Elsewhere the information given to patients about ovarian cancer drugs varies widely between consultants. As a Bristol cancer specialist told me last week: "One consultant won't mention the ovarian cancer drugs at all if there is no funding for them, because it's cruel. In effect, you're saying 'There is a drug that may help you and it is available in some parts of the NHS but not this one, so tough'.

"The second consultant tells patients these drugs exist to allow the rich ones to buy them privately and the poor ones to go to the papers and try to raise the money in a campaign (which is usually too late to be successful). And the third consultant tells patients they can't have the drugs, it's a disgrace and they should lobby their MP."

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

THE organo-phosphate (OP) sheep dip farce continues to plumb new depths. Firstly NOAH, the lobby group representing the OP manufacturers whose products have inflicted irreparable damage on the nervous and immune systems of thousands of farmers, is angry about the ministry of agriculture's (MAFF) belated decision just before Christmas to withdraw OP sheep dips from the market until cans have been redesigned to make them "safe".

NOAH has been loudly complaining to Baroness Hayman, the minister who bravely gave the order, that its members were given "no notice" of her decision, which could cost them millions in profits. Presumably they hope she has forgotten that as long ago as 1994 the veterinary medicines directorate (VMD) first advised MAFF's veterinary products committee that, following a number of accidents involving concentrated sheep dip spilling out of cans, "companies should review the effectiveness of their container design". The VMD even claimed that "discussions on the improvement of container design" were already "under way between the HSE [health & safety executive] and the companies concerned".

The following year the VMD reported "all the dip manufacturers have made progress in improving the design of sheep dip containers to minimise the risk of spillage". Yet five years later, when Lady Hayman orders that dips must be withdrawn because containers are *still* unsafe, the manufacturers seriously hope to be believed when they whinge to the ministry that they have been given "no notice" of the need to improve can safety.

Meanwhile the shambles that is the "group action" in which more than 1,000 farmers hope to win compensation for the havoc dips have inflicted on their health is growing. Since the case, funded by the legal aid board, was taken over by Patrick Allen of Hodge, Jones and Allen (whose senior partner Henry Hodge is deputy chairman of the legal aid board), the show has gone seriously off the rails.

Almost all the scientific experts assembled by Allen's predecessor Richard Barr have resigned in despair at what one tactfully described as "Mr Allen's unconventional approach to scientific evidence". Guy Ullstein, the QC originally leading for the victims, has followed suit. Master Miller in the high court recently ruled that all the scientific reports put before the court were inadmissible, because they were so inadequately presented. Even Allen himself now concedes the case may simply have to be abandoned. At least, thanks in part to taxpayers, the lawyers will be left with plenty of the folding stuff to remember the case by.

● In our last issue we reported that John Hill, the only OP victim ever to have won compensation in a British court, had not seen a penny of the £50,000 damages plus costs he was awarded in the high court in 1997. By a strange coincidence, just four days before our article appeared Mr Hill finally received payment. Although the agreed damages were £50,000, he was told by his solicitors, Dawbarns, that he was only owed £30,000. However, they had retained £16,000 of this for "additional legal expenses" incurred after the settlement. The actual cheque was for £14,000. But Mr Hill had already paid £9,000 from his own pocket to the legal aid board, not recoverable. He had also spent several thousand pounds on travelling and hotel expenses while the case was being prepared and heard. Thus Mr Hill has received nothing and various teams of lawyers are estimated to have made more than £1m.

'Even Newer Muckspreader'

SAY what you like about the ministry of agriculture, it has one remarkable talent. Whatever loony scheme is produced by the European union's "common" agricultural policy – actually a blend of 15 irreconcilable attitudes – MAFF can be relied upon to go the extra mile/gild the lily/copper-bottom it/and produce a British version of Soviet-style complexity and pointlessness.

Critics of MAFF argue that it is a deliberate policy to make farmers' lives as miserable as possible to drive the weakest – mostly smaller farms who have less in the way of computers and skilled secretarial help – to the wall. But defenders of MAFF say it is guilty of no more than crass ignorance and mindless stupidity.

Now MAFF itself has provided the answer. At exactly the moment agriculture secretary Nick "Newcastle" Brown was examining his special report on reducing red tape, his civil servants were gleefully launching something called the new Extensification Payment Scheme, a little top up for less intensive farms which have low stocking rates (number of animals per acre).

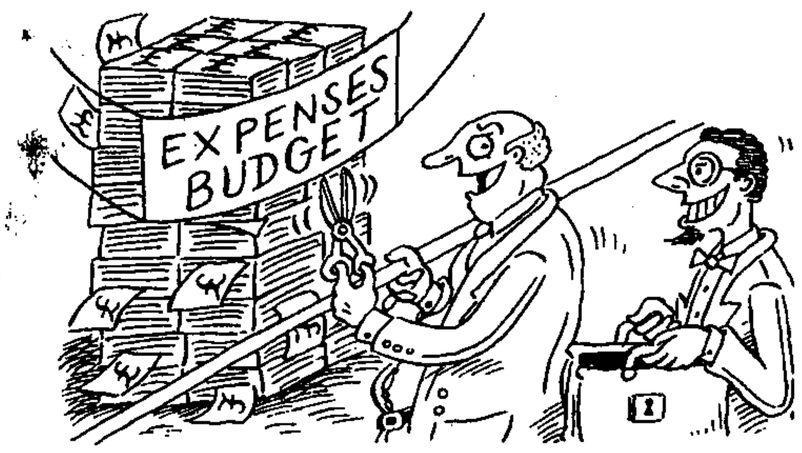
Up to now this was the simplest of all schemes, being paid automatically depending on the number of claims made through other sheep and cattle schemes. But that was too simple! MAFF's new plan means that all farmers who think they may qualify must work out their precise stocking rate six times a year on dates to be announced afterwards.

To do this one needs to know the age of every bovine animal (hundreds on many farms) working to a date in the past, six times each year. Sounds simple? Remember that farms have a very high turnover of animals, typically 30 – 150 percent a year, so by the time farmers know the date, many animals will have arrived or left, as well as inconveniently changed their age.

Although MAFF only needs to know afterwards, the farmer must of course know beforehand, otherwise he won't know whether he is on target to qualify or not. In the same post MAFF announced the start of a Slaughter Premium Scheme, adding reams of paperwork and extra bureaucracy to distribute a tiny sum which could have gone through existing mechanisms. In the past we would have called this mindless stupidity, but now we know better: with MAFF, the stupidity is deliberate.

'Gumboot'

ROTTEN BOROUGHS



COBBLERS TO YOU

CITY of Durham residents are concerned for the blood pressure of their Labour MP Gerry Steinberg after he was involved in an unseemly contretemps in the street.

Local cobbler Tony Martin has a fascinating display of cuttings from the *Eye* and the local press in his shop window, which happens to be bang opposite Steinberg's constituency office at 32 Claypath. The *Eye items, which* take pride of place in a splendid blown-up poster, detail the many recent travails of Durham's tottering, cash-strapped Labour council (*Eyes passim*).

These include the arrest last year of chief executive Colin Shearsmith by police investigating allegations of fraud in relation to the council's sale of a patch of land vital to the city's £25m "Millennium City" scheme. (Last week Shearsmith was interviewed again at Durham police HQ and had his bail extended to May.)

The other day Martin came out of his shop and beheld Steinberg crossing the road. "Any more arrests yet, Gerry?" called the cobbler. "You fucking arsehole," quipped the MP. "A most intelligent comment," observed his constituent. "YOU ARE AN ARSEHOLE!" yelled Steinberg. This exchange of unparliamentary language looked set to go on all day, had not Steinberg's secretary emerged with news of a most urgent phone call for the MP.

MESSED OPPORTUNITY

MEANWHILE Durham *county* council is running a smug recruitment ad in the national press for directors of corporate and legal services and economic development and planning.

"We are the largest authority in the North-east — so why haven't you heard of us?" asks the headline. "Simple. Because we have not messed up." The ad, devised by the PricewaterhouseCoopers headhunters, then chunters on about "civilised relationships between officers and members... unity of purpose... passion... commitment and knowledge..." etc, etc.

One of Durham county council's most civilised, passionate, purposeful etc members is Ron Morrissey, vice-chair of finance, who agreed last month in the high court to repay £45,000 to the local Christ's Hospital old folks' charity, where he had been chairman of governors, after being sued by the Charity Commission.

The court heard how Morrissey and the hospital's former master, the Rev Graham Pattison, had piled £700,000 of the charity's money into a failed holiday complex on the Costa del Sol and had used other money on cars and pension funds for themselves and their wives. Cllr Morrissey has since resigned from two local primary schools' boards of governors and was last week suspended from the Labour party. By an extraordinary coincidence, he is the former agent of Durham city MP Gerry Steinberg.

QUESTION: Who told the Commons public accounts committee last month: "If I found a local authority where members and officials were fiddling the books I would do something about it. Frankly, I would not be waiting for an ethical policy or whatever to come along..."

ANSWER: Durham City MP Gerry Steinberg.

QUESTION: Why did many Durham residents fall off their chairs laughing when they read this?

Answers on a postcard, please.

CHOP, CHOP

DARRYL STEPHENSON, bumptious chief executive of East Riding of Yorkshire Council (Eryc), has achieved what many in the area thought impossible — he has made himself even more unpopular.

As *Eye* 995 went to press, carrying the story of how residents of Hornsea were battling to save 16 trees on a town centre site, flogged off by Eryc, from an unwanted 27-unit housing development, the men with chainsaws were already moving in. People wept as a 50ft beech tree on the Willows site was felled and police had to protect the tree surgeons from 200 angry pensioners and mums with pushchairs.

An apparent attempt by Darryl to play the honest broker between the residents and the Harewood housing society of Leeds and Harrison Construction Ltd of Malton, backfired badly. Stephenson invited local councillors and protesters to a "top level discussion" at his Beverley HQ — although only the councillors were allowed in. At the exact moment the protesters' leaders arrived in Beverley, by an amazing coincidence 16 miles away in Hornsea the police and tree surgeons made their move.

● **WHILE the people of Hornsea mourned the loss of their trees, villagers at Ashford Hill, Hampshire, were celebrating victory over a similar plan to cram 15 "executive homes" on to two paddocks which would have destroyed the hamlet's character for ever. Following the story in *Eye* 994 Basingstoke and Deane council's planning committee rejected the advice of officers and turned down the scheme. Residents had had to enlist the help of an outside Tory councillor, Margaret Weston, to fight their cause because their local representatives had refused. We should make it clear Mrs Weston's initial inability to help was because she was ill: after our story appeared she recovered sufficiently to speak against the scheme at the planning meeting.**

MILLER'S TALE

MORE tales of unseemly backscratching emerge in Doncaster where a councillor's village shop has profited from public money awarded by an organisation headed by a council colleague and friend.

Brian Marshall, councillor for Thorne, received a commercial improvements grant (CIG) from a partnership between Doncaster council and the local rural development commission. The award of such grants in Doncaster has been slammed by a district auditor's report which declares that the scheme was so poorly advertised very few firms knew it existed. Yet many Labour party members had managed to get their hands on such money. The auditor observes: "People with a knowledge of local authority business were better placed to benefit from the grants."

Doncaster council's economic development officer Keith Miller left key decisions on awarding grants in the hands of the partnership's chairman, Marshall's fellow councillor Mick Barron, and vice-chairman David Blunt. Marshall omitted to mention that he was a councillor when he applied for his grant; Barron presumably thought the applicant was another Marshall entirely.

David Blunt, by the way, is a director of Keepmoat, the company that showered largesse on the bent burghers of Doncaster — gifts, travel, lots of drink — and entered into an illegal land development partnership with the council. Keepmoat gave a retirement "present" of £1,000 travel vouchers to ex-council leader Gordon Gallimore; and a £500 "wedding present" to the council's economic development officer Keith Miller (see above). Both "gifts" were declared illegal by the district auditor. Miller played a main part in the international junketing Donny's senior councillors indulged in, even taking his mistress on a trip to Portugal. Incredibly he remains in his post and has recently been promoted.

● **CORRUPTION? Nepotism? Vote-rigging? Some councillors are guilty of even worse. "I was appalled by the actions of a minority of our Labour councillors [on Southampton city council]," writes a correspondent to the *Southern Daily Echo*. "Some walked around the chamber, getting themselves drinks and talking among themselves... Cllr Chris Kelly entertained herself by chewing gum and reading *Private Eye*..."**

Pseuds Corner

21 March 2000
Sara Giddens (artist, Nottingham Trent University) and Maggie O'Neill (sociologist, Staffordshire University) discuss their collaborative work on female prostitution: 'Renewed Methodologies for Social Research: ethno-mimesis as performative praxis'.

Programme, Loughborough University New Gallery

...I asked Jodie [Kidd] about her ambitions for this year. After all, she has travelled in style, met the world's most famous people and enjoys good health – so, at 21, I wondered what eludes her.
Jodie smiled. "To find peace of mind, that's my dream." How profound, and how relevant. After all, what's the use in having everything if we are not happy? I hope Jodie finds her dream.

HAZEL COURTENEY
Sunday Times

It's all about crossing over into different territories... I got this vision of me in a dress. I'm comfortable wearing suits; I don't ever wear dresses. That's just who I am. So everybody said 'Are you sure, Horse?', as if I was actually going to cross-dress or something. Even my partner said, 'Oh, don't do a Kevin Rowland thing, Horse!' And I said 'The difference is he's a man dressing up as a woman. I *am* a woman.'

"HORSE McDONALD"
The Scotsman

Rome in the 17th century was like LA in the '90s. Caravaggio was a killer – he was like Tupac Shakur, he was like Biggy Smalls.

TONY PARSONS (reviewing Graham Robb's biography of Caravaggio)

Late Review
Here we are, just recovered from the biggest collective hangover in a thousand years, and still there's no rest for the wicked. Just three weeks in, and social commentators have dubbed this decade the "Naughty Noughts" and the evidence of harmless mass hedonism lies all around us like empty champagne bottles. Hospitals are expecting a glut of November babies after the biggest public sex-fest since the orgy in the Mall during the VE Day celebrations (reported by several eye-witnesses). Lifestyle magazines continue to outsell their more staid shelf-mates by urging readers to couple more frequently, with more people in more outrageous configurations...

The Eighties, of course, saw various excesses, but the solipsistic spirit was at odds with the generous, fill-me-up-with-babies inspiration of the new millennium. If the Noughts, with their rolling sensual '0's, bring orgies to mind, the Eighties were all about masturbation. But how much better a quick hand-job than the self-denial of the frigid Nineties. They started in a welter of recrimination and flagellation after the tidal wave of self-abuse and led to us electing our new puritan government... *(continues in this risible vein for a further 1,500 words)*

ROWAN PELLING
Independent on Sunday

Befriend Your Angels
Learn the history of angels, and discuss their popularity. Explore the support an angelic presence

provides, and discover methods for accessing your angel daily using guided visualization and meditation. Wear loose, comfortable clothing. Bring a journal, pen, your questions, and your curiosity.

Brookline Adult Education course (USA)

CONTRIBUTORS: Owen Massey, Philip Carter, R.J. Fraser, Norman Stinchcombe, Lord Gnome, Liz Brown.

£10 paid for entries

Letters

Private Eye

Crossing the Rubython

Sir,

Since your article saying the Mirror's City Slickers trained at my Fantasy School of Journalism (Eye 995) I have been inundated with requests for places from aspiring city correspondents. Thanks to you I have, at last, found a lucrative source of income.

More than 50 percent of the financial journalists working on the city columns in Fleet Street have trained at the school at some time or another. Trouble is they never paid me the fees, I paid them (well sometimes).

Yours etc,
TOM RUBYTHON,

Principal, Fantasy School of Journalism, London EC4.

PS. I was trained by Max Clifford.

Fan mail

Sir,

Your correspondent, Mark Smith, Eye 995, has misunderstood "Fumes What A Shocker" 994 – "They [BAe146s] are the only jet liners powered by turbofans [which were] originally designed for helicopters."

The engines on the 146 were built around the turboshaft that powers the Chinook helicopter. This engine is unique in that it uses a large gearbox to reduce shaft speed to run the fan.

This gearbox lies upstream of the compressor, from which cabin pressurisation air is bled. Any leaks from this gearbox could pass through the compressor, some entering the cabin air.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD FIELDER
(Sad Bastard of 996?),

Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

Frosty reception

Sir,

Re: Christopher Reeve/David Frost, Eye 995. Clever gag. But inappropriate, unnecessary and completely unfunny. After the side-splitting Blunkett caption of a few issues ago and now this, do please tell me when to expect the next hilarious item that uses a disabled person as the basis of its humour. I can't wait.

Yours disappointedly (as the rest is up to usual high standard),
GAVIN MANDER,

Via e-mail.

More on vaccines

Sir,

Please go on seeking revelation about how bovine products have been used in vaccine production, but to assess real risk we need precision, not a Green, Luddite blunderbuss. You mention diphtheria, tetanus and pertussis. Bacteria like these may be grown in media containing meat extract and the resulting risk would then resemble that of very dilute soup, though we don't inject soup. Some viral vaccines are produced in cell culture, but the foetal calf serum that may (or may not) be used probably came from New Zealand — widespread practice for many years because the European and American herds are infected with all sorts of viruses that damage the growing cells, not because of BSE.

TOM BOYDE,

London SE11.

Sir,

Re: Vaccine: Tissue of Truth? (Eye 995). You state that three issues arise from the given statements. I would like to add that if infected bovine material is the source of nvCJD then it is also the possible source of BSE in cattle, who are themselves compulsorily inoculated for TT (Tuberculin Testing) from anything from every 60 days within a restricted herd to every 3-4 years – a practice that has been carried out in this country for decades to control brucellosis. However, my main concern is that the Government having banned British sources of bovine material for pharmaceutical use are now importing vast quantities of possibly BSE-infected material from France, etc, where we know that BSE is hugely unreported and measures are not implemented to protect Public Health, either theirs or ours.

Yours faithfully,
STERCULINUS,

Chard, Somerset.

Lookalike

Clunes

Eliot

Sir,

I couldn't help noticing the striking resemblance between T.S. Eliot and badly behaved man Martin Clunes.

Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.

Yours sincerely,
P. BRUNDISH,

Bicester, Oxon.

Child prodigy?

Sir,

Since Michelangelo Merisi was born in 1571 and Giorgio Vasari died in 1574, he cannot have referred to him as Caravaggio or by any other name (Eye 995). That apart, I concur wholeheartedly with your reviewer's assessment of Peter Robb's M.

Yours sincerely,
GEOFFREY GAMMON,

Surbiton, Surrey.

"It's alright – he's used to playing plastered"

Homes Truth

Sir,

I read with great interest your latest edition of Private Eye, Friday 11 Feb 2000, and would very much like to draw your attention to an inaccuracy in your article on page 5 under "In The City" when you refer to me as "The White Rat" and state that my involvement in Orchard Furniture was "unmentioned". This is very sloppy reporting as my involvement in this company was declared to the appropriate authorities and reported on ALL the Networks for all to see. This declaration was required and no secret was ever made or intended of my involvement in Orchard Furniture.

I have not disposed of any of my shares in this Company and have given an undertaking not to do so.

I read with "horror" the article in the Daily Mirror when the city "JOURNALIST" recommended the shares as a "Snip" at 5p.

The Company has a market capitalisation of £30 million with assets of £1 million. No one in their right mind can possibly recommend such an investment.

For your information I have never met or spoken to anyone at the Daily Mirror and after this episode my regard for their investment advice is even lower than it may have been before.

Yours sincerely,
DERIC HOMES,

Gt. Bookham, Surrey.

Good point

Sir,

If the dome had a point, it wouldn't be a dome.

Regards,
MURVIS,

Via e-mail.

LUVVIES

"[The scene] was shot over two or three days when Matt [Damon] was aiming for his lowest weight. At the end of the second day he had a pizza standing by so he could eat. But we didn't finish the scene. It was so sad and he couldn't eat the whole thing the next night. That's bravery."

GWYNETH PALTROW
News of the World

"I do prefer an actress girlfriend," he says. "It is wonderful for me to be with someone who understands what we suffer. I know every job has its problems, but acting seems to be about constant rejection. To have someone to share the insecurities is great."

JOSEPH FIENNES
Skyview

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

SUPERMODELS

KERBER

K.Marx CURTAINS & FURNISHING FABRICS

I-SPY *Johannesburg.*

Submitted by Andrew Higgie.
£10 paid for similar submissions.
(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Hollow laughter

Sir,

Do I detect a slight case of double standards in your edition of 11th Feb?

Page 6 under "Bad Timing" you quote the Daily Telegraph of 29 January "Swordsman stabs MP and kills his aide" and a picture of a Samurai swordsman headed "A new slice of life" in its art section. But on page 11 YOU print a "cartoon" depicting a sword-waving woman in a cinema!

MARY COLE,

St Leonards on Sea, E. Sussex.

Pewny remuneration

Sir,

It was indeed stunning to see (Church News, Eye 995) that the £40,000 salary being offered by the Diocese of London for a press officer is the same as that being paid to its chief executive. A more informative comparison might have been that each of their £40,000 salaries is two and a half times the average clergy stipend of £16,000. With myths of the Church Commissioners' millions having long since been exploded, and the people in the pews paying the majority of the Church of England's staffing costs, I wonder whether they would prefer suits in offices or priests in parishes. I think the hierarchy should be told.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID WRIGHT,

Via e-mail.

Starship Enterprise Culture

Dinner's winners

Sir,

Reluctant though I am to spoil a good joke, I should point out that there is actually an American film director called Michael Dinner. He directed several episodes of the TV show The Wonder Years and a rather good feature film in 1985 called Catholic Boys. I hate to come on all Philip Jenkinson about this, but La Loi du Coeur, the film listed in Le Monde, is probably a translation of his 1983 TV movie, Miss Lonelyhearts.

Yours with a drink on a stick,
MARTIN KELNER,

W. Yorkshire.

Killing remarks

Sir,

May I correct à fact in the article "Complete lock-up" in Eye 995?

Remand prisoners are not all "unconvicted of any crime" but simply unconvicted of the crime that resulted in their custody. There is usually a good reason why bail is refused, like the prisoner may re-offend.

Also the bald statistic of the numbers of suicides in prison does not tell us whether this is higher or lower in the same demographic groups outside prison. So it is meaningless.

Yours etc,
P.E. DANT,

Via e-mail.

Anilly obsessed

Sir,

I am deeply disappointed by Eye 995.

You refer to the Mirror share tipsters Anil Bhoyrul and James Hipwell in separate features on pages 5, 7 and 17 without once using the headline "Anil Probe".

If this elevation of your standards continues, I may reluctantly be obliged to consider taking out a subscription to Viz.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN LYONS,

Manchester.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"And at 7.10 we'll be meeting the WPC fingered by her own police force."
FIONA PHILLIPS, GMTV
(Darren Bramley)

"Geri twice told the Spices she was leaving. The first time they didn't believe her, and the second time they reacted with disbelief."
Newsbeat, Radio 1
(Daniel Stanton)

"Promotion is the carrot at the end of the tunnel that St Mirren want to be aiming for."
MARK YARDLEY, BBC Radio Scotland
(Andrew Holmes)

"Decommissioning is the perpetual rock upon which we have come adrift."
PETER MANDELSON, Radio 4
(Rob Hatley)

W.G. Stewart: *Which Verdi opera depicts the war between Egypt and Ethiopia?*
Contestant: *Miss Saigon.*
Channel 4
(Illegible)

HOM SAP

AUSTIN

Letter from Russia
from Our Own Correspondent

IN these difficult times many of us Russians still hanker for some of the old certainties that marked those bygone days before the fall of communism, when there was discipline and order across our vast empire.

Indeed, while our cousins in places like Poland and Hungary look back with regret at the excesses of now defunct secret services, we still celebrate the exploits of the KGB and the brave men who staffed it.

A year ago we loved Yevgeny Primakov, the spymaster with shadowy links to Saddam Hussein and other Gulf pariahs, who seemed set for the presidency. But his star waned and now we look at Vladimir Putin, and equally prominent spook who earned his spurs running East Germany.

Putin took over as president after Boris Yeltsin's surprise resignation on new year's eve. A former judo champion, his quiet authority and conviction appeal to the macho tendency in Russia. Female supporters are beguiled by his youthful vigour and apparently natural charm. The contrast with the alcoholic muddle, brazen corruption and sheer physical ineptitude of his predecessor could not be more sharp. Elections next month seem certain to confirm him in office.

There is, of course, a price to be paid. Putin's inheritance from the KGB is a ruthless disregard for the weak and vulnerable, a respect for the army and a determination to remove those bold enough to oppose the new order. For the past few months, then, it has been our awkward, uppity Islamic subjects in Chechnya who are paying that price.

No one can say how many have been killed since the armed forces launched their self-appointed crusade against terrorism and separatism last year. But in the bombed and burnt-out waste that is Grozny, the Chechen capital, starving dogs root around cellars for the rotting corpses of civilians who sought futile sanctuary from the ceaseless bombardment of their homes above.

Rape, torture and summary executions are commonplace. The "filtration centres" established by the military for the thousands of Chechens forced from their homes are no better than concentration camps.

To their cost, some have spoken out against such outrages. Andrei Babitsky became the cause celebre of our fledgling free press when he returned the special award for services to democracy that he had received for his bold coverage of the failed 1991 coup against Mikhail Gorbachev in protest at Boris Yeltsin's violent confrontation with parliament two years later.

During the current crisis he chose not to repeat Moscow's fantasies of efforts to protect the innocent. Instead, he reported the reality of the slaughter from behind rebel lines. He was arrested and handed over, according to the official account, to Chechen rebels in return for five of our soldiers. But Babitsky's bosses believe the exchange was staged by the security services. Nothing has been heard of him since the beginning of the month.

In public Putin maintains that a free press is the foundation of democracy, and he has pledged to protect it. But he believes that on Chechnya, national security is at stake and that dissenters should tow the official line. Our security people do now admit that there may have been innocent casualties during the campaign, and even some isolated abuses. But they point to the "collateral damage" caused by Nato in Kosovo last year, and argue that only massive force can eradicate the scourge of what they call foreign-backed Islamic terrorism on Russian soil.

It is a position that prompts little controversy here among ordinary people who revel in the apparent obliteration of Chechen terrorists. Nor has the barbarity along our southern border generated more than a ripple of rebuke from our friends in the west. For Vladimir Putin may be no more than the product of our increasingly bent and unscrupulous elite, an opportunist with no clear agenda. But he is here to stay and no one, it seems, dare offend him.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

● "Traditional healers and traditional ways aren't all bad," Sharon Wilkinson of the Options Municipal Health Department in Phnom Penh told reporters. "You just have to know when they're helpful and when they aren't, and we have to try to regulate things when the situation becomes dangerous."

Wilkinson was speaking in the aftermath of a case involving Mich Khan, a twenty-year-old farmer from Kompong Cham, who had contracted syphilis. "He was desperate," revealed Tia Phalla of the National AIDS Authority, "and when a neighbour told him that drinking a child's blood would cure the disease, he cut the head off a five-year-old boy and drank his blood. That was very, very wrong of course, because the blood had no effect at all. The man should have consulted a doctor."

The Cambodian government is becoming increasingly worried about

unorthodox medical remedies (usually involving human blood) which are being recommended by traditional healers, known as the kru Khmer. But Ly Bunnarith, a kru Khmer in Phnom Penh, was unrepentant. "A lot of times, traditional medicine is more appropriate for treating sicknesses, and decapitation is rarely necessary, because you only need a glass or two of blood at a time. For example, I have a $20 package of herbs here that can heal Hepatitis B if you mix them with my powdered human blood mix. I don't have a cure for cancer yet, but I soon will have, and I can already cure shingles, piles and AIDS." *(The Cambodia Daily, 27/12/99. Spotter: Peter Wallan)*

—●—

● "This is not a stunt. This is an educational event," declared Gurmej Singh as he outlined his latest project to astonished reporters in Dubai. "I want to show the peoples of the world what can be achieved when they make the most of their time, and I shall do that by painting a hot sexy picture while riding my bicycle backwards across all four emirates."

Singh, a twenty-two-year-old art student at the Centre of American Arts, expanded on the reasons for his latest venture. "My two favourite activities are painting hot sexy pictures and riding my bicycle backwards, so I have decided to combine them and save time. I began riding backwards thirteen years ago, and always use a normal BMX bike, because it further proves my point. I estimate that it will take four days to complete my ride and the picture, if I don't fall off too much, and I will inspire the crowds by handing out leaflets on time management everywhere I go. It's true that my mother says my pictures are rude, but my father has been most encouraging. 'Go for it!' he said. 'Break the world record for cycling backwards while painting hot sexy pictures.' There is no nudity in my hot sexy pictures, by the way. All is left to the imagination." *(Gulf News, 24/1/00. Spotter: Anon)*

—●—

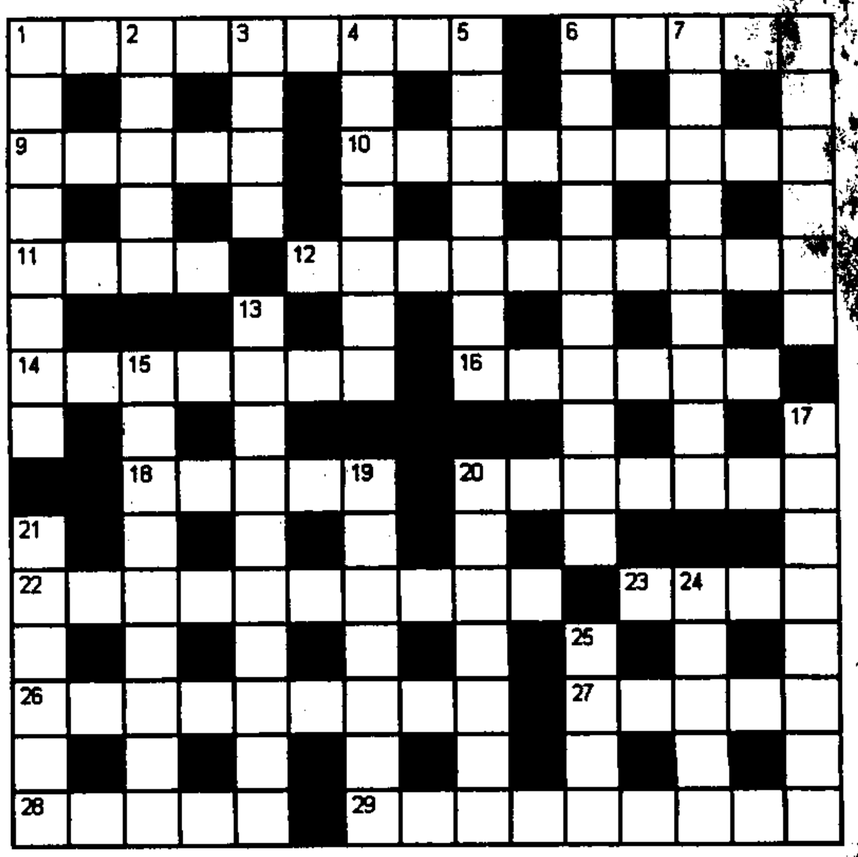
● *"I don't think I'm boasting when I say that I am one of the most experienced members of the Cork drugs unit" Detective Garda William Dawes told a Dublin court, "and the moment that Gavin Cray got on the bus and sat next to me, I could tell that he was up to something. First, he produced three small packets from his pocket and began fingering them nervously, and I realised at once that they contained heroin. Then his mobile phone rang, and he told the caller in a loud voice 'yes, I have the stuff. Meet me at the bus station. Bring plenty of money.' After that, he produced some cannabis, rolled himself a joint, and began to smoke it, oblivious to the world.*

"I decided not to arrest him there and then, because I wanted to avoid a scuffle on the crowded bus, so I waited until the bus pulled into Cork bus station before introducing myself and arresting him. I have to say that, purely from a professional point of view, I wasn't very impressed by his business methods. Frankly, I don't think Gavin Cray is the sharpest knife in the box."

Cray was later sentenced to three months imprisonment for drugs dealing. (The Irish News, 10/2/00. Spotter: Frank Connolly)

EYE CROSSWORD 151

by Cyclops — *£100 prize*



ACROSS

1 It catches the unwary when Labour tit does a U-turn (5,4)
6 England's opener, out of balls, rarely on the winning side in these (5)
9/12/23 A reasonable chance of a half-decent gag from one who pushes the party line? (1,4,5,2,3,4)
10 Runs, reputedly, from this vengeful old ruler! (9)
11 Sun's outbursts makes a chap nauseous finally (4)
12 (see 9)
14 Nuts mangled about the time you expect to come down with this infectious disease (7)
16 Member gobbled by kinky Rita – an aspect of a member not usually seen (6)
18 Endless row before opera's end – and that's only part of it! (5)
20 Hired help with heater protects many an American (7)
22 Sensual husband? That's novel! (6,4)
23 (see 9)
26 Thoughtful communication from model mad at 'Eye Help'? No way (9)
27 Blow Fayed's title! (5)
28 Was just like a model doing dope, including speed (5)
29 One who puts you under blasted Tony – shit! (Prescott's no. 1) (9)

DOWN

1 A little tory-coloured, grade one, soundly right backer of the leader? (8)
2 Oxygen change for egg producer (5)
3 CID turns over beer carrier (4)
4 Issue of Lady Thatcher in residence elicits comments (7)
5 Roast crack, top grade cure-all (7)
6 Gathering of MPs: tense males, undistinguished on the inside (3,7)
7 In a crap position, being a resident with no entitlement? (9)
8 Salted nuts criticised (6)
13 Victim of a joint attack by IRA terrorists? (4-6)
15 Try getting deceptive slice on balls (9)
17 Picture of crack plugged (8)
19 Arafat's group one thanks in half mockery (2-5)
20 Press on about Murphy losing head and accepting Rugby Union backing (5,2)
21 Location of sexy dancer's PC? (6)
24 Capital tied up in Afghan oilfields (5)
25 A familiar colleague's work, flower (4)

£100 prize to first solution opened on 3.3.00. Entries to 'Crossword', Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 150

Winner: JAMES DENNETT

ACROSS: 1/15/22 Brass monkey weather 4 Split vote 9 In the know 10 Knave 11 Air bags 12 No sweat 13 Noticing 15 (see 1 ac.) 18 Cock-up 19 Dickhead 22 (see 1 ac.) 24 Balls-up 26 (see 5) 27 Arbitrate 28 Europhile 29 Peers.

DOWN: 1 Britain 2 Art critic 3 Sheba 4 Sing Sing 5/26 Law and order 6 Take stock 7 Orate 8 Erectly 14 Cough-drop 16 Keeps pace 17 Zimbabwe 18 Cowpoke 20 Depress 21 Armani 23 Adder 25 Lit up.

apparently BY MIKE BARFIELD

'LENIN WAS COMMUNIST' SECRET FILE REVEALS

by Our Security Staff **A.J.P. Tinker-Taylor** and **M.I. Five**

NEW files kept secret by the FBI for many years reveal that top Russian revolutionary John Lenin may well have been the founder of modern communism.

The files contain damning evidence that Lenin, in between writing his famous hit tracks "What we must do to destroy capitalism", and "The struggle of the masses to overthrow, er, the system", gave away hundreds of roubles to subversive groups throughout the world.

Back In The USA

A spokesman said, "Lenin's millions of fans see him as a bearded idealist who dreamed of a world in which everything would be beautiful, but these files prove that he was a highly dangerous rock musician married to a crazed Japanese nudist."

Yoko Ono is 81.

RACE 'A FIX' CLAIMS HARE

by Our Man At The Finishing Post **E. Sopp**

ACCUSATIONS were flying last night when Dobbo the Tortoise was acclaimed as outright winner of the Mayoral Race.

Red Ken Hare, who had led from the beginning and crossed the line first, was amazed when the judges proclaimed Dobbo the winner.

The slow-moving Dobbo, it emerged, had been a last-minute choice after it became clear that the hare would win.

BLAIR & THE TORTOISE

"I only agreed to run," he said, "or, in my case, crawl very slowly, after the organiser Mr Blair assured me that I was bound to win, even if I lost."

Frank Dobson is 71.

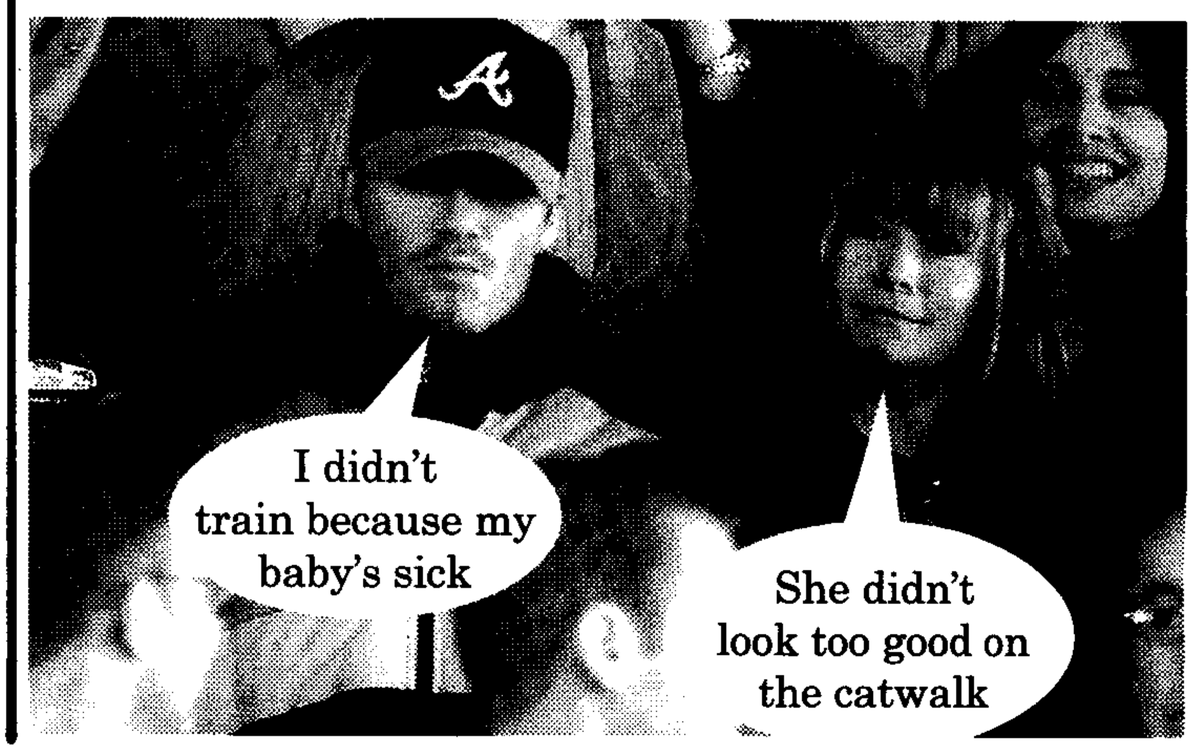
SELLAFIELD LEAK SHOCK

by Our Nuclear Staff **Ray De Ation**

THE Government is to set up an enquiry into how a damaging leak of information about Sellafield safety occurred – threatening the jobs of hundreds of BNFL managers.

It is not yet known what caused the leak, but experts say it is nothing to worry about.

Said one, "There is no cause for alarm. Everything is under control. A report got out, but it has now been firmly denied. It will not happen again."



Those Iranian Election Results In Full

TEHRAN WEST
No Change

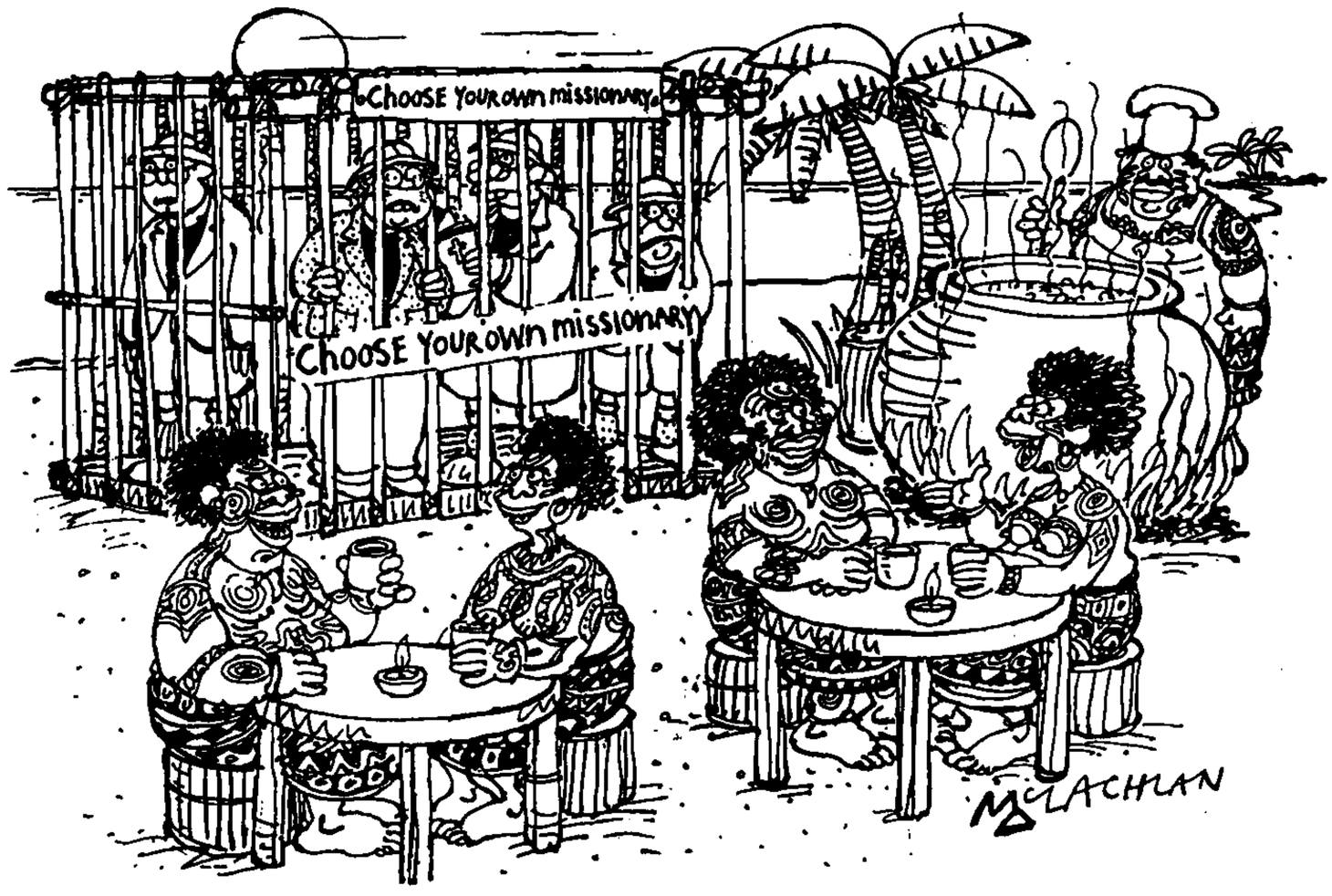
Ayatollah Dhobbo Bheardi *(Blairi Arslikhan Party)* 5,000,000,271: **Ayatollah Red Khenomeinhi** *(Bring Back The Bus Conductors)* 6,000,000,503: **Glenda Yashmak** *(Votes For Women)* beheaded for daring to appear in public. *(Cont'd p. 94)*

Satndards of proof reading seem to be higher than the *GBG*

The Taste

Following a whiplash injury to the neck you can experience pain and stiffness. Depending on the severity of your injury you may or may not be supplied with a cervical collar.

Oxford Radcliffe Hospital



ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair MA (Oxon)

Hullo!

O ye of little faith! How often I have thought of these words this week, as I considered all that has been happening in the parish recently.

Let's be absolutely frank! I have been disappointed by a lot of you, particularly those responsible for the Mission to St Gerry's.

Look. I did everything I could to make our mission a success. I even persuaded my dear friend Mr Mandelson to come out of retirement, which he was very reluctant to do.

And now Peter has had to close the whole thing down until people come to their senses.

Let me make it clear. Peter has my full support in taking this action. We all know the expression "tough love", and I think that in a very real sense Peter has been both very tough and very loving in this matter, as anyone who has seen him playing with his delightful little dog Trimble will know!

I have every confidence that, thanks to Peter's firm action in closing it down, the mission will prove to be a great success! And if it isn't, there will be no doubt who is to blame – ie, not me!

Which brings me to my second great disappointment of the week, the unfortunate removal of my friend Mr Michael as conductor of the St Albion's Welsh Male Voice Choir.

After all the trouble I had taken to get him the job in the first place, it was particularly galling that various members of the choir should have been so ungrateful as to refuse to sing under Mr Michael, and would only perform Men of Harlech under the baton of Mr Morgan, an inferior candidate for the job in every way (although he of course has my full support!).

My third disappointment of the week has been with the rest of you, for failing to appreciate what an overwhelming

success our Millennium Tent has been.

Contrary to all the unpleasant rumours that have been spread around the parish, there have been no queues at the Tent, and you can get in at any time without having to wait around or be bothered by crowds.

I am particularly sorry that the children from our primary school were not allowed to join in the special "Gay Day" at the Tent, organised by Mr Smith and his partner.

I am told that the special attractions were particularly popular, including the "Cruising Zone", the "Laser Moustache Experience" and the Judy Garland record shop.

Here, surely, was an opportunity for our young people to gain first-hand understanding of alternative life-styles in a relaxed and fun setting. And what happened? 0 out of 10 to those teachers who let their prejudices get the better of them! Typical teachers!

So, my final word to you all this week is that I want everyone in the parish to look at their lives closely and see what you could be doing better and more helpfully.

Perhaps you'd all like to think about this text: "I know where you live" *(Epistle of Peter to the Mandelsonians, 4.3)*

Yours disappointedly,

Tony

To Remember In Your Prayers (Again!)

● Mrs Mowlam, whose condition I'm afraid continues to give grounds for grave concern.

I am told that she even took part in a so-called "wedding ceremony" for a pair of dogs – hardly appropriate behaviour for a member of our PCC. Many women of Mo's age have problems coming to terms with the change, particularly when they are drinking too much, so we must all make allowances. But there are limits, and I warn Mo that trying to be the vicar by marrying dogs will not give you the popularity you obviously crave! T.B.

Parish Appointments

■ After the tremendous success Mr Falconer has made of the Tent, I have decided to enlarge his responsibilities by asking him to take over some of the duties at present performed by Mr Prescott. It is not that Mr Prescott has been doing his job badly. It is just that he has not been doing it very well. I am glad to say that Mr Falconer has become a great asset to the parish, which I always knew he would be since he is my oldest friend.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

In answer to your query last month (Parish Poser, Jan. 31) as to who should be on the empty plinth in the square, may I suggest that there is only one possible candidate, the Vicar!

Yours sincerely
John Birt, Waheed Ali, David Puttnam, Melvyn Bragg, Matthew Evans, Andrew Motion
Sunrise Home For Friends Of Tony (formerly Sunset Home For Retired Gentlefolk)

The Editor writes: This is only one of hundreds of letters we have received making the same point! A.C.

Good News!!

After lengthy auditions I am pleased to announce that the part of Lord Mayor in the Christmas pantomime will be played by Mr Dobson, who for several months was in charge of looking after the sick people in the parish.

Mr Dobson was the overwhelming choice of 50.1% of the judges and I hope that now his decisive victory will put an end to the arguments and bickering which have marred this production from the very beginning.

Mr Livingstone will, I am sure, accept the unanimous decision of the casting director with good grace and any attempt on his part to start his own production will leave me with no option but to expel him from the parish. T.B.

The Second Best Man Wins

The Vicar applauds Frank as "Mayor" after last week's decisive vote.

NORTH WALES ABUSE ENQUIRY

NO COVER-UP — IT'S OFFICIAL

by Our Cover-Up Staff **P.D. O'Phile**

IN HIS 2000 page report *Something Must Be Done*, the former High Court Judge Sir Ronald Waterdown makes it clear that although there was a clear cover-up of the decade-long history of abuse of hundreds of children in Welsh residential homes, this was not necessarily proof that there was some sort of cover-up.

Sir Ronald Waterdown was at pains to stress that although the social services, the local councils and the police were centrally involved in the scandal, the fact that they did nothing to stop it did not necessarily mean that they were in some way attempting to cover it up.

While Sir Ronald commended Mrs Alison Whistleblower for her attempts over 15 years to alert the relevant authorities to what was going on, he found that her sacking by her bosses and the subsequent attempt to smear her name with the full co-operation of the police did not in itself constitute proof of a cover-up.

Sir Ronald Waterdown emphasised that although officials of the social services, the councils, the police and the Welsh Office were obviously to blame for the scandal remaining hidden for so long he was not saying that those individuals had attempted to cover it up.

Sir Ronald Waterdown is 74.

CHINA TO JOIN EU

by Our Eurovision Staff
EURO'PHIL SPACE

THE Republic of China is the latest nation to join the ever-lengthening queue of applicants for EU membership.

The move was welcomed by EU President Romano Prodi who said "China has long been part of Europe. It is only natural that the EU should enlarge to take in countries such as Afghanistan, Zimbabwe and Chile, who are becoming increasingly aware of the wonderful benefits of belonging to a European superstate."

All China has to do to qualify for full membership is to buy 2000 billion euros on the money market, and agree to vote against Britain in all debates.

Mr Robin Cook joined President Prodi in welcoming the entry of China, North Korea and Iran into the EU, saying "They will be welcome allies in our ethical struggle against the Nazi hordes in Austria, led by their hated Führer Adolf Haider."

Stop Press

CHINA TO APPLY FOR 10 BILLION EUROS IN REGIONAL FUNDING

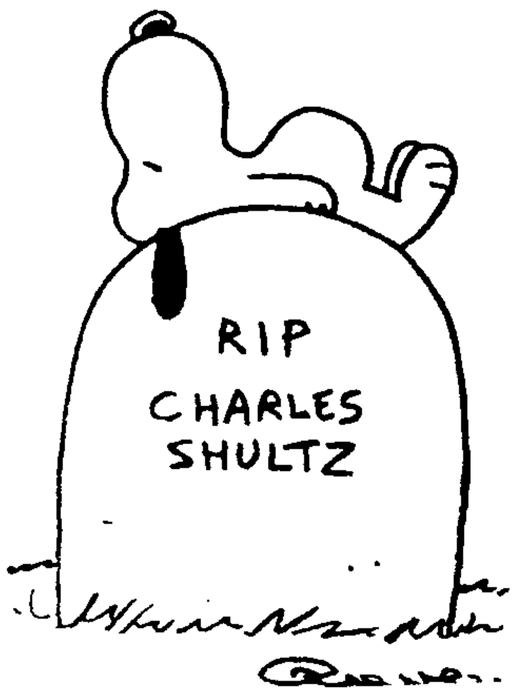
(Reuter)

(and all other papers)

IT MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN

The report by Sir Ronald Waterhouse on the so-called North Wales paedophile affair makes very disturbing reading... appalling catalogue... neglect... betrayal of trust... physical and sexual abuse... innocent victims... appalling catalogue... need for tighter regulations... supervisory mechanisms... complaints procedures... something must be done... must never happen again... no time to read report... will this do?

"We'd really like to thank you for shoplifting at Marks & Spencers!"



POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam Roger Vadim, French film-maker

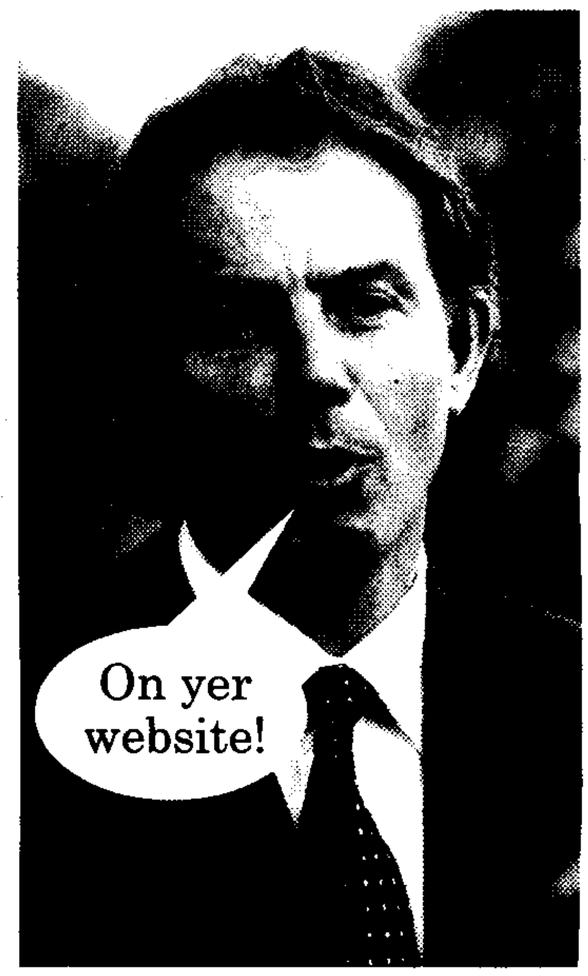
So. Farewell then
Roger Vadim.
(Or should we say "Adieu"
Since you were
French?)

"Will you marry me?"
That was your
Catchphrase.

Monsieur E.J. Thribb
(dix-sept et demi)

Taken from E.J. Thribb's new award-winning translation of Beowulf *(Fabber & Fabber, £19.95)*

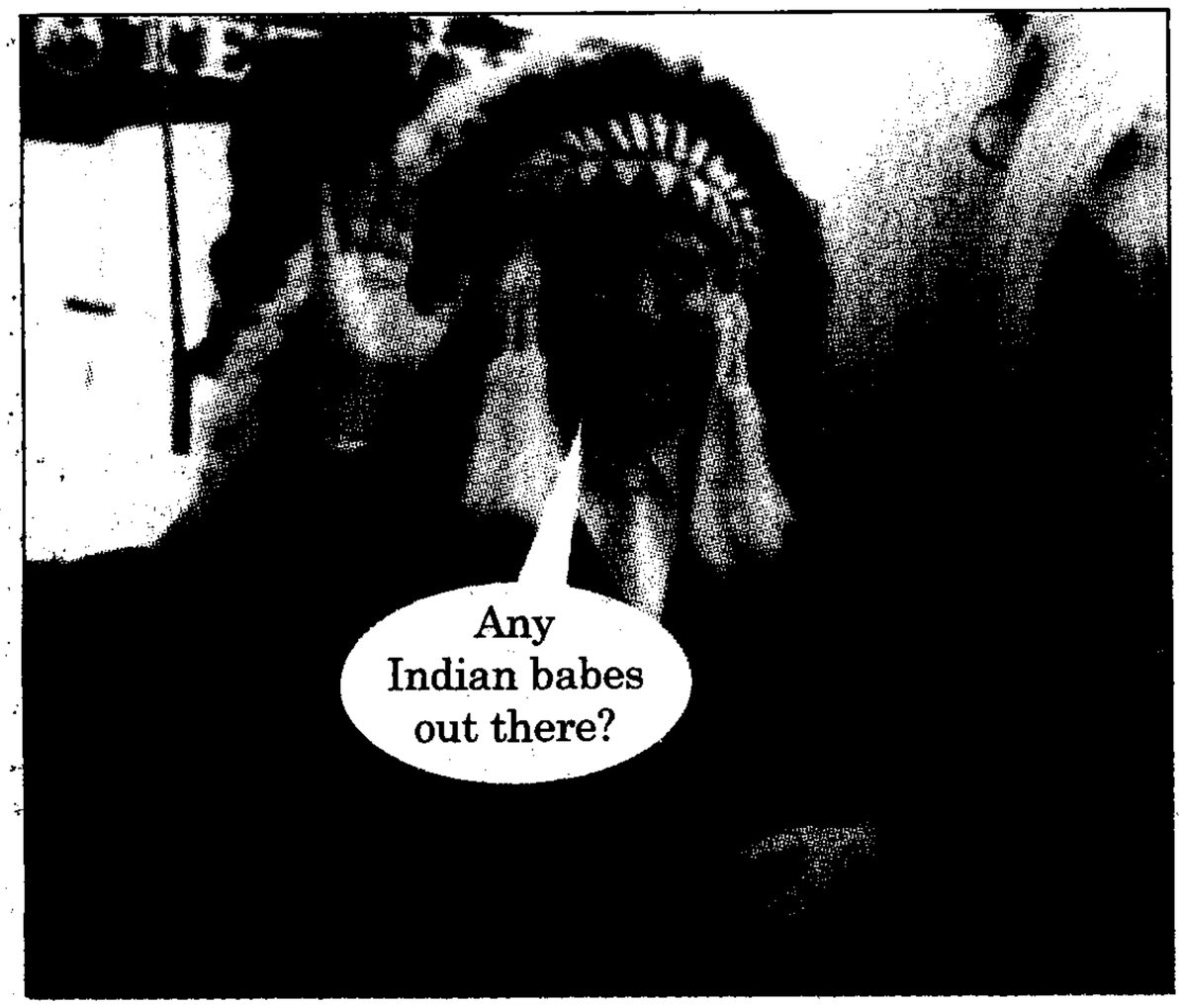
TEBBIT'S EMPLOYMENT POLICY REVISITED



ORGANISERS were today expected to rule whether Miss UK, Nicola Willoughby, 18, from Lincoln, should be defrocked and barred from Saturday's Miss World contest after posing for topless photos.

Colchester Evening Gazette

BRILLO NEW HAIRSTYLE SHOCK



BBC ATTACKS CHURCH OF ENGLAND

by Our Religious Staff
Sir Clifford Longley-Richard

THE Church of England is accused of sidelining religion in a shock report compiled for the BBC. Sir Greg Dyke accuses the church of "trivialising important issues" and "dumbing down the content of services".

Carey In The Community

"All they do is talk about sex and gays. There's no attempt to deal with the real issues of religion at all."

An angry Archbishop of Canterbury hit back saying, "We have to appeal to all sections of the community and in particular to young people. If this means changing our methods of presentation and placing more emphasis on pop music, then so be it."

Joan Bakewell is 108.

This Week's Recipe

How To Make A Bakewell Tart

1. Put her programme on very late at night.

2. Leave there for 12 years until Bakewell boils over.

3. Remove from television and allow to simmer gently.

© Delia Smith

EXCLUSIVE TO PRIVATE EYE

That Pinochet Medical Report In Full

94 HARLEY ST
LONDON W1

Highly Secret And Confidential

Re: General Pinochet

Dear Home Secretary,

In accordance with your wishes, I have examined the above patient and find him to be suffering from the following serious conditions:

1. The general is very elderly and hard of hearing. When I asked him a simple question, "Did you murder all those people?" he did not hear a word I said and continued to stare out of the window. This is what we doctors call defectio auralensis normalis.

2. The general's eyesight is also degenerating fast. When shown pictures of people he had murdered, he said he could not see them. This was clear evidence of what we doctors call ocularis degenerationis normalis.

3. The general's power of memory is virtually nil. Asked to recall the events of his dictatorship and his part in the deaths of thousands of people, he stared at me for a long time and asked whether Mrs Thatcher was coming to tea. This is a definite sign of what we call insanitatio fascistici normalis.

On all these grounds, it is the general's conclusion that he is unfit to stand trial and wishes to be returned home to Chile as soon as possible. I have every confidence that this will meet with your approval.

Signed,

Dr Emmanuel Straw (no relation)
F.R.L.E. J.V.S. C.D.Sc.

PS. I have pleasure in enclosing my bill for 25,000 guineas (cash, please!)

Fancy last orders?
Why not?
CINEMA
QUEEN ADELAIDE
BAR
Oh my God, the babysitter... Where's our Simon?!
Don't panic. He's in there playin' pool in with the lads

HUSBAND

Post 16 Examinations & Qualifiactions

DfEE Publications for Schools: Contents

John Vidal
four line standfirst thing in here in Seattle in Seattle in Seattle

Grauniad

Chaplain's challenge to lay trainee

Gatwick News

POLLY FILLER

MESSAGE to fellow female columnists: Please, please, spare us the gory details of your pregnancies!

Just because Cherie Blair and Iman are mothers-to-be, it doesn't mean we all want to read endless pieces by women journalists about how God-awful their morning sickness is, and how scatty they've become, and how useless and unsympathetic their partners are!

We've all been there, done that and got the blood-stained T-shirt! Come on, girls, surely pregnancy is too intimate and private an experience just to use as copy fodder for lazy hackettes who want to write from home?

It would be all too easy for me to tell readers about how Simon carried on playing five-a-side with his mates from the on-line section while my waters broke; or how, when expecting Charlie, I once felt so sick at a press conference I vomited into the fashion editor's Gucci handbag; or how my brain became so mushy during pregnancy that I put the pizza in the washing machine and my knickers in the microwave!

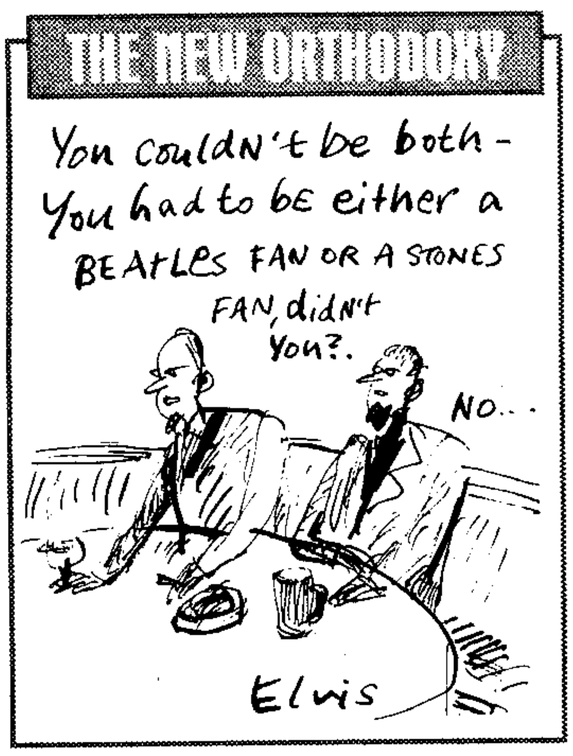
And, as for haemorrhoids and stretch marks, I could tell you a few tales – and I've still got the rubber ring. *(Please stop. Ed.)*

But I'm not going to waste your time pretending that my experience is somehow topical. What's it got to do with Cherie Blair or Iman that I got weepy in the afternoons and watched Bambi ten times on video? Or had cravings for Firelighter and Peanut Butter sandwiches?

Everyone's pregnancy is special to them, and I personally think that the birth of Charlie enriched my life beyond measure, but I don't go around telling everyone about it!

No, my only advice to Cherie and Iman is to make sure that Tony and David pull their weight, help out with the housework and don't slope off to the Sports Bar with the widescreen to watch women's kick-boxing from Thailand – like some partners I could mention, ie the Useless Simon. And my advice to my desperate colleagues in print is find a new subject to write about for all of our sakes!

Next Week: Polly Filler Is Pregnant.



BIG CHIEF RUNNING JOKE

CHANNEL FOUR IN PORN STORM

by Our Media Staff **Phil Airtime**

SWITCHBOARDS at Channel Four were jammed last night as millions of angry viewers rang to complain about the broadcasting of a programme which did not feature a history of the clitoris, a discussion of vibrators or an exposé of the porn industry in eastern Europe.

Said one furious viewer, "I was sitting there on the couch waiting for something good and raunchy to come up, when the titles appeared for a programme called *Cold Tits*.

"I thought, this'll be a bit of alright, possibly featuring steamy love romps in the igloo by members of the Inuit community.

"But imagine my shock and disgust to see instead a load of old blokes walking about in a German castle and talking about making a glider during the war.

"How dare Channel Four pump stuff like this into my living room without warning! In future, I shall only watch Channel Five, a station where they understand that we want non-stop, round-the-clock soft porn without interruption."

David Elstein is 69.

ROY of the OVERPAIDS
A WAVE OF VIOLENCE HAS ERUPTED ON THE PITCHES
WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS SORTED
SO I'M APPOINTING A NEW COACH
LEAD WITH YOUR LEFT ROY!
COME ON YOU BLACK AND BLUES
NASEEM
COOPER

TORY BANDWAGON HITS THE ROAD

by Our Conservative Staff **Denise Van Driver**

THE CONSERVATIVE party today launched its new crusade to save the symbol of Britain on which it has staked its future.

Party leader William Hague is to be accompanied by the newly-promoted Michael Portillo on a nationwide campaign to "Keep the Hague".

End of the Roadshow

Said Hague, "No one in this country wants to get rid of the good old British Hague. You know where you are with the Hague. You're nowhere. And people respect that."

He continued, "They don't want a Continental, European Portillo, that's for sure. They don't want to be told what to do by some foreigner who doesn't understand our British ways. So long as we have the Hague, British business will thrive under a Labour Government."

Hague was backed up by his loyal deputy Michael Portillo, who told crowds: "I am totally in favour of the Hague. It may be overvalued and weak against the Blair, but until circumstances change (possibly tomorrow) we should not contemplate converting to the superior Portillo alternative." He concluded: "I am standing beside William in order to make myself look good."

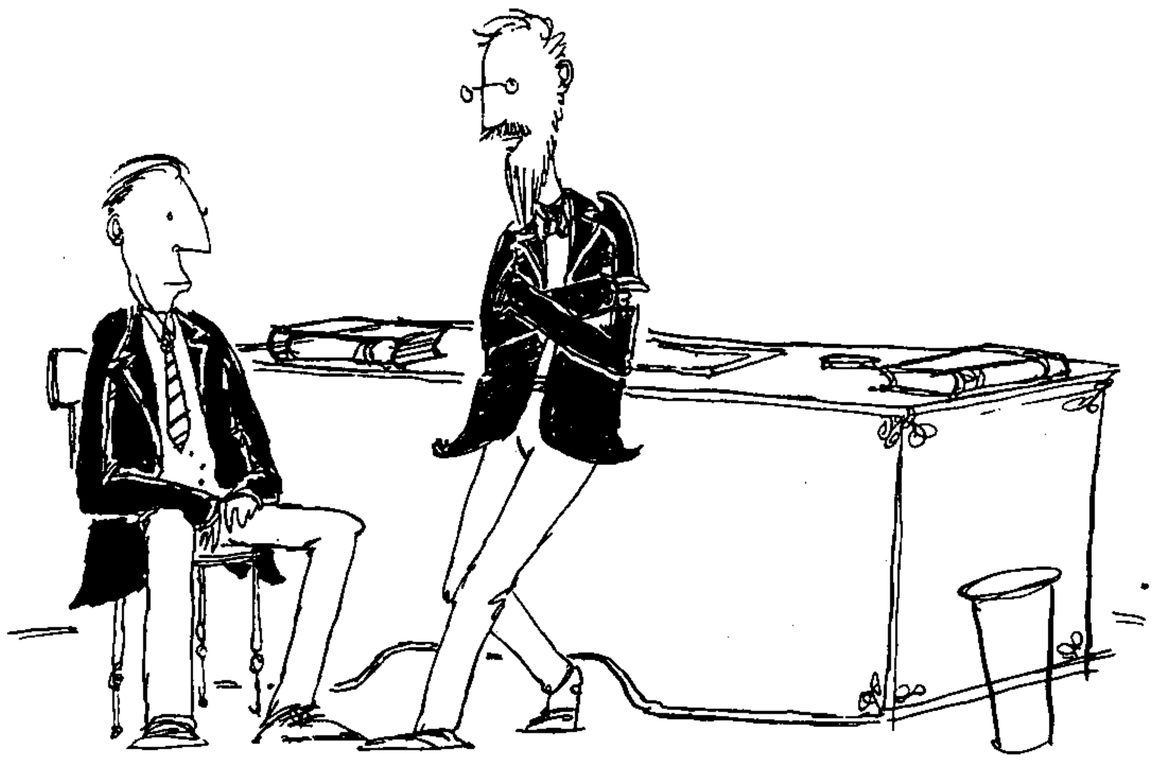
The pound is 162 euro.

MAPLES WARNING FOR HAGUE

by Our Westminster Correspondent **Ivor Grudge**

IN AN open letter yesterday, the former Shadow Foreign Secretary John Maples gave a dire warning to William Hague about the policies he's pursuing.

"I'm particularly concerned about his policy of sacking woefully inept opposition front-bench spokesmen," Maples warned "who, as bitter, twisted obscure back-benchers, will then have nothing better to do with their time than write bitter, twisted open letters to the newspapers..." *(cont'd. p. 94)*



"No, Mr Hennessey, you just THINK you're delusional!"

Monsieur Gerbil
An Apology

WHEN we issued a press release on the inspired choice of Jean-Claude Gerbil, 32, as the new managing director of the Millennium Dome Experience plc, we may have inadvertently given the impression that Monsieur Gerbil was in some way the saviour of Euro-Disney, and that he had personally been responsible for reversing the fortunes of the once ailing French theme park. Our précis of his CV may have added to this confusion with its claims that the 27-year-old Frenchman had:

- **designed the Channel Tunnel;**
- **built the Pompidou Centre in a week;**
- **erected the Eiffel Tower with his bare hands;**
- **made love to thousands of incredibly beautiful French women while translating Proust.**

We now realise, after reading the Daily Telegraph, that M. Gerbil had not in fact been responsible for any of the above, and that he was in fact an unemployed 500 francs-a-week car park attendant from Limoges, whose greatest achievement was to institute the new one-way traffic flow system from the N274 to the Snow White's Olde English Pub toll-booth.

We further accept that former colleagues who described M. Gerbil as "a brilliant impresario" and "one of the greatest organisational geniuses of the late 20th Century" were talking about someone else. We would like to apologise to the British public for any distressing waste of money this confusion may have caused, while at the same time we would like to confirm our complete faith in M. Gerbil's ability to make the Dome the undoubted success it already is.

Issued by Lord Forkbender, Chairman of the Millennium Experience Not Needed Company

DOME MAN 'A FRAUD' SHOCK

by Our Millennium Staff **Michael Mouse**

THE MAN hired to run the Millennium Dome at Greenwich has been revealed as an "inexperienced nobody who should never have been given the job".

Charles Falconer was an unknown barrister before he was suddenly promoted to run the £1 billion Millennium project.

He was hailed as the saviour of the Dome and extravagant claims were made on his behalf by the government.

However, it has now been discovered that "Charlie" Falconer has no experience running theme parks, businesses or government departments, and only got the job because he is a friend of Tony Blair's.

Goofy

Said a disappointed Dome worker, "When they said we were getting someone called Falconer, we thought we were getting *Lady* Falkender who ran Harold Wilson's government in the nineteen-seventies. You can imagine our disappointment to find we had got this fat fool whose only idea is to sack everyone."

ULSTER BREAKTHROUGH — IRA AGREE TO GIVE UP TALKS

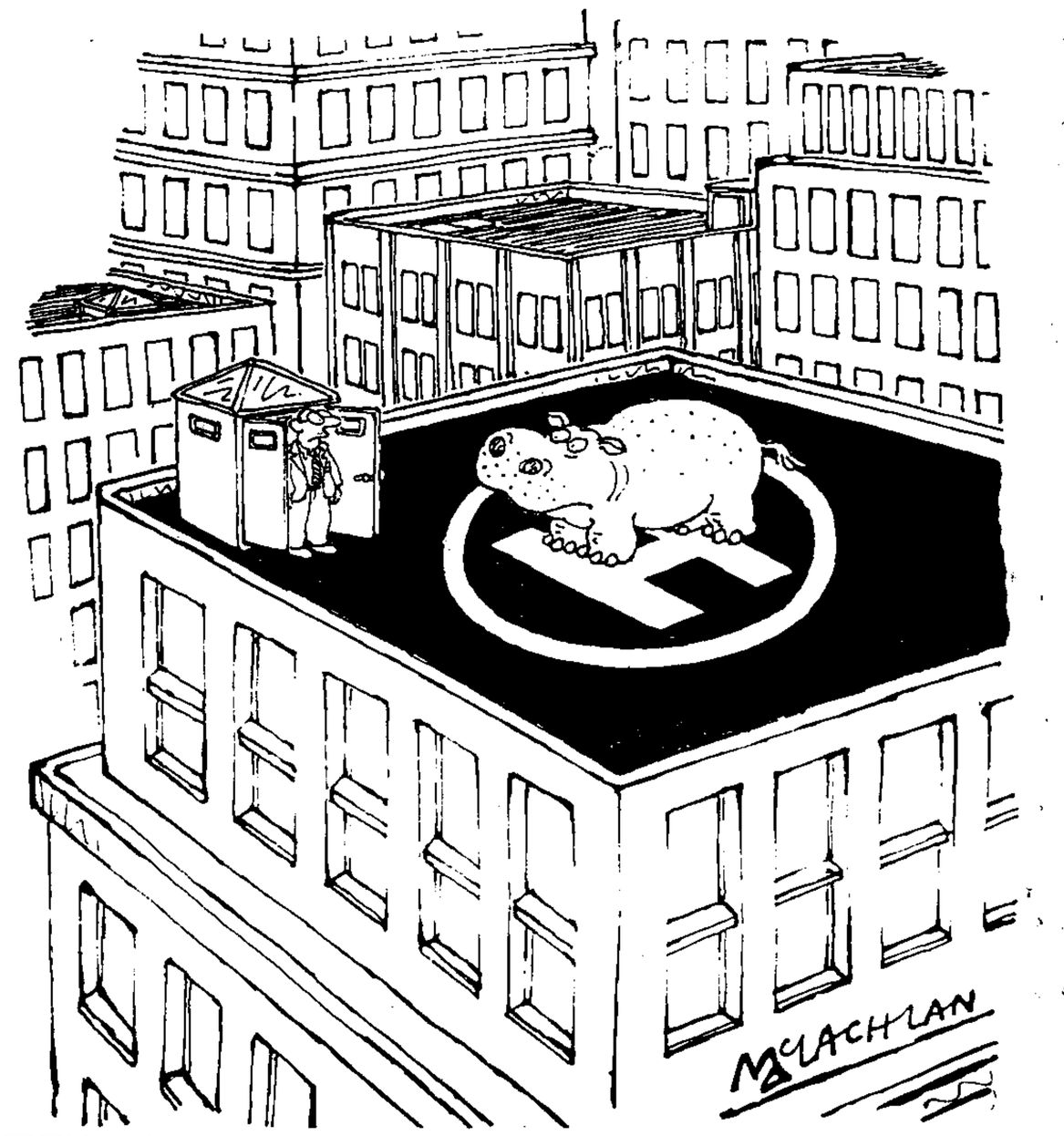
by Our Northern Ireland Staff **Dillie Dally**

THE IRA has formally agreed to give up its talks on decommissioning with General de Moralised.

Said a relieved IRA spokesman, "We always knew that if we were to achieve our long-term objectives, we would have to renounce negotiation. There is no way backwards so long as we still have talks in place."

He continued, "It is impossible to maintain the hope of a lasting war if we do not dump all these dangerous talks and remove them from the violence process."

The Troubles are 427.



A Taxi-Driver writes

Every week a well-known taxi driver writes on an issue of topical importance.

This week: 'The Afghan Hijack Drama' by **Jack "Boots" Straw** (Cab 4713)

BLIMEY, guv. See those Afghans, with their turbans and their funny beards? Comin' over here for a free handout from the social? Being put up at the bloody Hilton, excuse my French! What a bloody cheek! Pretending to be just a bunch of bona-fide hijackers, excuse my Latin! And they turn out to be a bunch of scroungers! Know what I'd do with them? Cut their hands off and pack 'em off home! I 'ad that General Pinochet in the back of the cab once. Lovely gentleman. Gave me a good tip. "Any trouble," he said, "shoot 'em." Very clever man!

NEXT WEEK: Annie Widdecombe (Cab No. 999) on 'Why they should string up these Afghan asylum-seekers and cut off their testicles.'

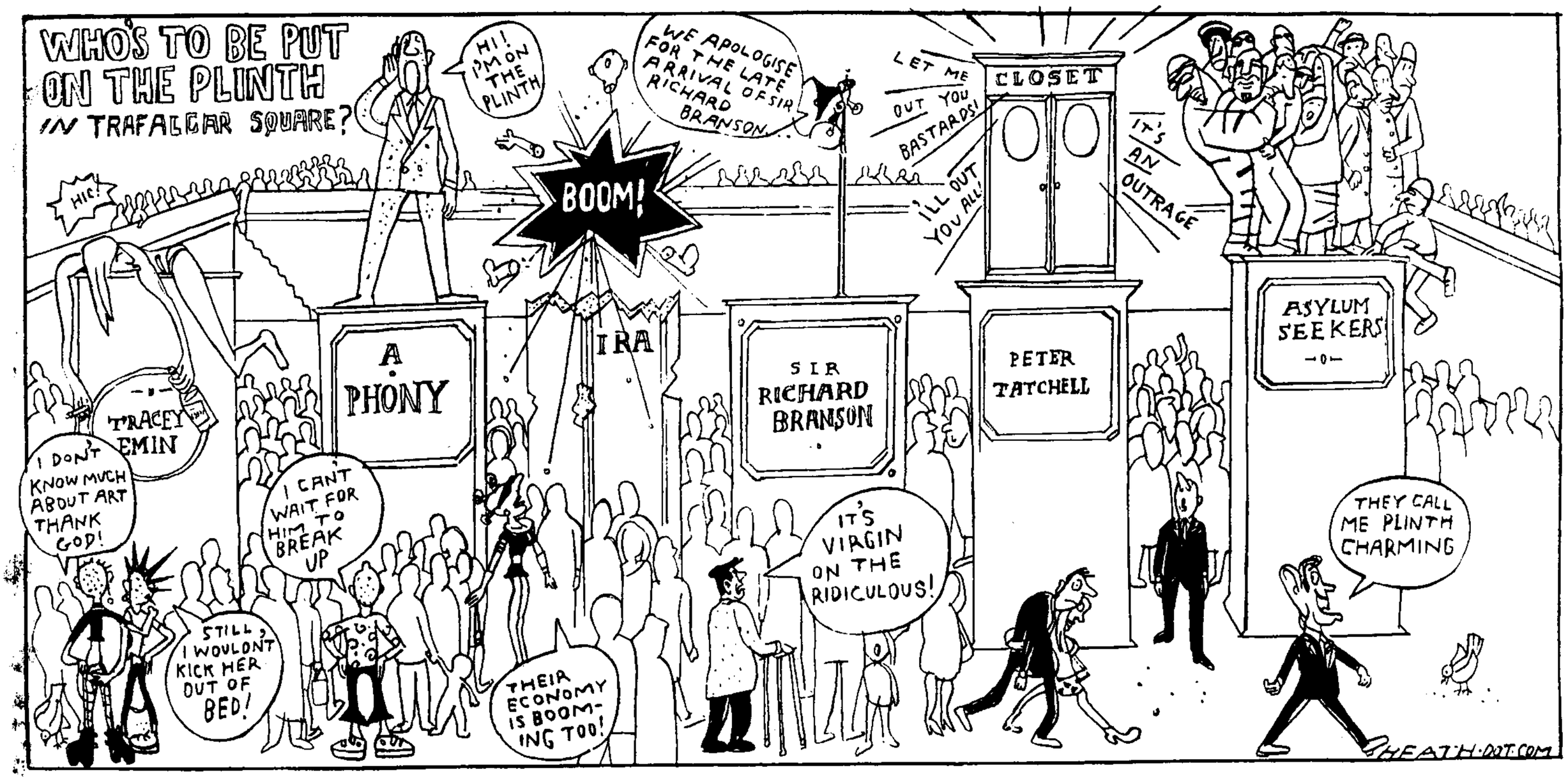
NEW CARDINAL A CATHOLIC SHOCK

by Our Religious Correspondent **Victoria Catacombs**

IN A surprise move predicted by everyone for the last six months, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Bognor and Regis, the Rt. Rev. Des O'Connor, was today named as the new Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in succession to the late Sir Alec Douglas-Home.

The new cardinal is known to be a keen churchgoer who can often be seen attending Mass on Sundays.

Insiders describe the bishop as a bachelor who believes in God and... er... safe pair of hands... liberal... conservative... traditionalist... reformer... oecumenical... safe pair of hands... all I could find in the cuttings... is this OK? V.C.


WHO'S TO BE PUT ON THE PLINTH IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE?
HIC!
HI! I'M ON THE PLINTH
BOOM!
WE APOLOGISE FOR THE LATE ARRIVAL OF SIR RICHARD BRANSON...
LET ME OUT YOU BASTARDS!
I'LL OUT YOU ALL!
CLOSET
IT'S AN OUTRAGE
A PHONY
IRA
SIR RICHARD BRANSON
PETER TATCHELL
ASYLUM SEEKERS
TRACEY EMIN
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART THANK GOD!
I CAN'T WAIT FOR HIM TO BREAK UP
STILL, I WOULDN'T KICK HER OUT OF BED!
THEIR ECONOMY IS BOOMING TOO!
IT'S VIRGIN ON THE RIDICULOUS!
THEY CALL ME PLINTH CHARMING
HEATH.DOT.COM

DIARY

WILLIAM CASH'S GRAHAM GREENE

The sun lay mellow in the trees, puddles were strewn like so many small pools of water and the Adriatic was as damp as it had ever been that frosty July day when distinguished novelist Graham Greene – just over halfway through his eleventh best-selling work of fiction – was enjoying sexual intercourse with his mistress beneath the voluminous 17th-century papal robes of Pope Pius IX, fresh on that morning.

Roughly 29 minutes earlier, the world-famous author, his bright blue eyes (two, one on either side of his nose, both working in unison) absorbing all around them, like a pair of those bright blue bathtime sponges available until November 1977 through all major retail outlets of Boots the Chemist, had been admitted to the Vatican with his indefatigable lover, Catherine Walston, for a privileged audience with *Il Papa*.

Down the far end of the Sistine Chapel, the two of them spotted God's representative on earth, resplendent in his ornate vestments. The Pope had never looked more infallible than he did that December afternoon. Noticing, with his novelist's eyes, that there was plenty of room for two more beneath the Holy Father's chasuble, Greene was overcome by the need to take Catherine, again and again, beneath its shady folds.

Diverting the Pope's attention by throwing a rosary at a life-size statuette of St Barnaby – itself a mortal sin – the two waited until he was looking the other way before nipping headlong beneath his vestments. Within seconds, they were at it like rabbits. "Where are our two distinguished visitors from England?" ("Questa il due distinguo visitoria pasta linguini alle Inghlesi?") they heard the Pope exclaim to a passing Cardinal as, down below, Greene's fluid eye continued to pour itself over Catherine's well-sprung breasts. For the rest of the world, this was literature in the making.

Satiated after undergoing somewhere between five and a half and six simultaneous orgasms, literature's most famous lovers rested awhile beneath the Pope, catching their breath and adjusting their clothes while relaxing, as lovers do, over the half-bottle of vintage Bollinger that Greene had smuggled in with him. Just a few feet above them, they could hear Il Papa sending out a search-party for them. Finishing off their champagne, they crept out of the back of the cassock, brushed themselves down, and circled round to the Pope's front, their heads bowed in supplication, ready for the Papal Blessing. "It was at that moment," Greene later explained in a letter to Catherine, "that I came to understand the theological heart of Manichean dualism, and for that I shall ever be grateful to you."

In that passage, he was, in fact, writing about an entirely separate incident, but he could just as well have been writing about this one, if it ever happened, which it may well have done, had either of them been in the Vatican at the time, which they almost definitely would have been had they not been elsewhere. But what is certain is that Greene had enjoyed *liaisons* with some of the most alluring women of his day, among them top Hollywood actress Betty Boop, up-and-coming young saint Bernadette and the darkly attractive divorcee Cruella de Vil. At that point, Greene was nursing the wounds of an affair with Maria von Trapp, who had walked out on him after opening a brown paper package wrapped up with string only to discover a box of pornographic snapshots of Greene engaged in indecent acts with a Gaiety Girl. Catherine Walston provided him with the solace he so craved, and together they discussed the Albigensian Heresy while eagerly licking each other's bodies. Their affair was like a ferocious storm at sea: wet, tempestuous and rocky, drinks flying everywhere and both parties suffering from wind; but like a ship athwart the waves, Greene was soon bobbing up and down again. Those early stages were to inspire the poem "St Ignatius Loyola" which scholars were to rate as one of Greene's greatest intellectual and spiritual journeys into the very heart of Catholic theology:

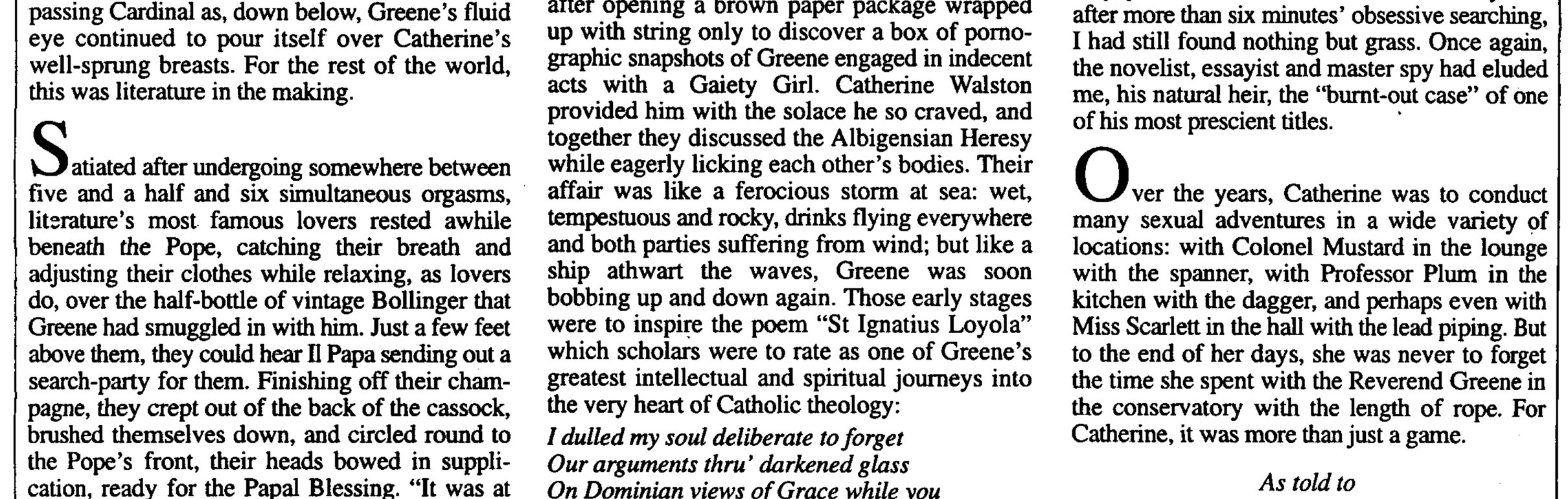
I dulled my soul deliberate to forget
Our arguments thru' darkened glass
On Dominian views of Grace while you
Let me take you up the arse.

Whether Catherine Walson enjoyed riotous Lesbian affairs with a wide variety of willing partners in an increasing number of contorted positions designed for the prolongation of unimaginable ecstasy while her husband was busy mowing the lawn we have no means of knowing. What is certain is that she did not mow the lawn herself. As Greene's biographer, I, too, am not unused to passionate affairs with some of the world's most tempting yet fickle young ladies. And like Greene, I, too, am an inveterate traveller, braving forest and desert in order, like "Sons and Lovers" author T.E. Lawrence, to satiate my intense curiosity. Did Greene himself participate in these kinky Sapphic romps? The world of letters would remain imprisoned in its own bookishness until I could come up with an answer to this critical literary question. I simply had to find whether that self-same lawn-mower was still in operation. There is no mention of a lawn-mower in Greene's great novel, "The End of the Affair", in which the author's alter-ego Andrex unravels down the stairs before his mistress's very eyes. This suggests that, full of Catholic guilt, he was ashamed to acknowledge its major role in his own sexual adventures. These were my thoughts as I boarded the 10.42am train from Kings Cross to Godalming on a misty February afternoon late in August.

On arrival at the lawn, I began a one-man police-search-style investigation with a fine-tooth comb, looking for any remaining condoms bearing the Greene imprint that may or may not have been hurled from an upstairs window some fifty years before. The minutes ticked by, but after more than six minutes' obsessive searching, I had still found nothing but grass. Once again, the novelist, essayist and master spy had eluded me, his natural heir, the "burnt-out case" of one of his most prescient titles.

Over the years, Catherine was to conduct many sexual adventures in a wide variety of locations: with Colonel Mustard in the lounge with the spanner, with Professor Plum in the kitchen with the dagger, and perhaps even with Miss Scarlett in the hall with the lead piping. But to the end of her days, she was never to forget the time she spent with the Reverend Greene in the conservatory with the length of rope. For Catherine, it was more than just a game.

As told to
CRAIG BROWN


WHEN THE UN ASKED ME TO BE A GOODWILL AMBASSADOR TO BOSNIA I WAS FLATTERED AND EXCITED...
IT'S AN HONOUR, GARY.
MY CHANCE TO DO MY BIT, I THOUGHT. BUT FRANKLY I WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE SHOCK OF THE SHEER LIVING NIGHTMARE THAT WAS THE PATTERN OF DAILY EXISTENCE...
THE HOTEL WAS AWFUL. THE FOOD DIABOLICAL AND THEY MADE ME FLY ECONOMY!
YOU'RE KIDDING.
BLOODY UNITED NATIONS! THEY'VE CREATED NO GOODWILL IN THIS HOUSE, I CAN TELL YOU!

Literary Review

Too many Cooksons

Sagas

CAST your eye along the best-seller lists, my averagely informed up-market reader, and tell me what you find.

Grisham? Yes, indeed. Dick, Danielle and the latest chick-fic practitioners? No problem with them. Sebastian Faulks and Louis de Bernières? *So* nice to see them doing so well. Rows of crap cookbooks? Well, something has to subsidise all those promising first novels. But Josephine Cox? Mary Jane Staples? Meg Hutchinson? Who on earth are they? Where do they come from? What do they want?

Curiously enough, in a world where publishers are clambering over themselves to throw money at the latest e-novel, one of the book trade's most anciently downmarket genres triumphantly survives. The popular saga may still be one of publishing's dirty little secrets — completely unregarded by the up-market chains (Waterstone and Co won't even stock them) and kept afloat by Asda and the petrol station forecourts — and yet Ms Cox and a few of her cohorts can sell 150,000 copies a title. And there are a lot of titles to choose from, because these babes average a book a year.

Inexplicably, here on the cusp of the cyber century, all the stuff your grandmother used to relish is still going strong — plump, well-nourished paperbacks with flaring jackets and titles like *Ancoats Annie* and *Salford Sal*, full of strong-minded dames crawling their way up from Black Country slums and warm-hearted cockneys gormblimeying their way through the buzzbombed Bethnal backstreets.

To anyone with the least pretensions to literary respectability, coming across these books can be a profound shock — a little message in a bottle of old-world style and values bobbing strongly against the modernist tide — like finding that P.G. Wodehouse was still alive and about to deliver a manuscript called Lord Emsworth@Blandings.com.

What are they about and who writes them? Predictably enough, most of this being about roots and the twitching hand of the past, regionalism is all. Merseyside has Lyn Anderson and Helen Forrester. Scotland has Doris Davidson, Christine Marion Fraser, Emma Blair and Jessica Stirling (Emma and Jessica are blokes, by the way, but don't let that worry you). The Midlands have Meg Hutchinson and Annie Murray. Wales is represented by the suspiciously well-named Iris Gower. And so on. So great is the lure of locale that most of them don't export — for some reason you just can't market a volume called *Auchtermuchty Ailsa* south of about Berwick-on-Tweed.

As for the books themselves, what we have here — as nearly always happens when a genre has been left to proliferate for decades without external interference — is a series of exercises in pure form. Characterisation, for all but the most superior practitioners, swiftly reduces itself to a few traditional framings; dialogue is full of environmental signposting ("Durn me is these 'um?" runs the opening line of Mary Jane Staples' *Bright Day, Dark Night* [Corgi, £5.99] as stout yeoman Goodworthy regards the brood of cockney evacuees shipped in by his wife).

What happens down here in sagaworld is that things happen. Relentlessly and gratuitously. Josephine Cox, for example, specialises in the gory unfolding of bygone horrors *(In her mind's eye she could see father's lifeless body, lying twisted and bleeding, draped over the settee like a rag doll).* Establishing detail either comes in whopping infant school primer chunks ("Prime Minister Churchill, the lion at bay, was nevertheless still an inspiration to Britain and its Empire") or not at all. Where exactly the *Somewhere, Someday* adumbrated in the title of Ms Cox's new one (Headline, £5.99) may be is anyone's guess. Supposedly set in 1912, the book contains scarcely a single reference to any historical event, dress style or issue of the period.

Invariably — another signature mark of all but the most stylised of genres — distinctions can, and should, be made. People like Ruth Hamilton and Annie Murray can clearly hold a pen. Even Mary Jane Staples doesn't mind a stylistic flourish or two. Josephine Cox, "A Cookson by any other name", according to the *Birmingham Post*, simply bungs it down. The curious thing, perhaps, is how often the dialogue gives the game away by drawing attention to its own implausibility.

Somewhere, Someday is full of characters signing off two-page autobiographical maunderings by observing "Will you listen to me? Telling you my life story when all you want is to freshen up and rest after your journey?" or twinkly amateur psychologists cannily remarking "I can imagine it's been a bit of a nightmare for you. Torn from your roots like that, and none of it your fault."

As I say, on its day this kind of thing can sell 150,000 copies a throw. And yet compared to the kind of laddy tripe produced by the like of James Hawes and his imitators, a book like *Somewhere, Someday* ends up by displaying a queer kind of integrity. Much can be forgiven a writer who actually believes what he or she writes.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ FOLLOWING the departure of Rosie Cheetham and the resignation of Susan Lamb at Orion, an increasingly isolated Anthony Cheetham is turning against his longtime colleague, and the managing director of Weidenfeld, 56-year-old Ion Trewin.

The word on the street is that Trewin is to be replaced by Weidenfeld's publishing director, 35-year-old Neil Taylor, whose appointment at Orion was engineered by none other than Trewin's literary agent son, Simon. Oedipal or what?

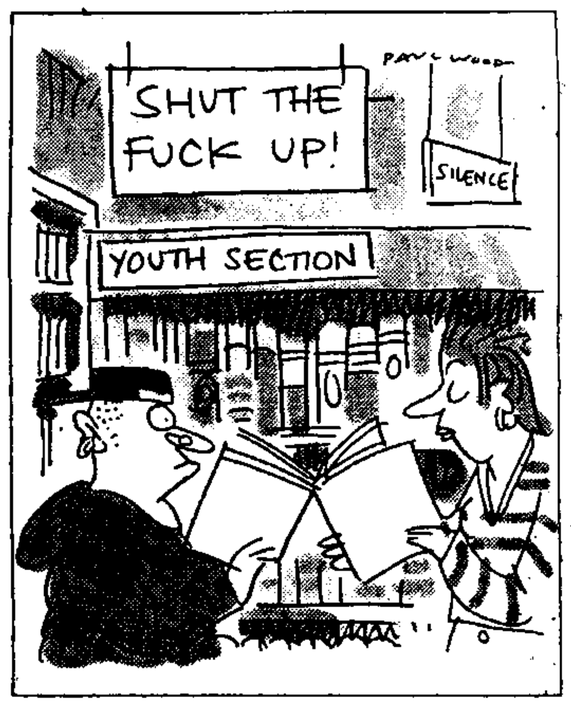
■ *MARVELLOUS news for fans of Will Hutton's* The State We're In. *The former* Observer *editor has signed up to write a sequel,* The World We're In, *and its subject is every bit as exciting as its title: globalisation!*

Readers who manage to stay awake beyond the first page will discover that Hutton wants us to defend European culture and social democracy, and resist the "hegemonic" threat posed by American mega-corporations bent on world domination.

In spite of generous offers from several independent British publishers, Hutton has sold the book to Little, Brown — which just happens to be part of, er, the globe-conquering American corporation now known as AOL Time Warner. No doubt Hutton will revise his conclusions accordingly and admit that globalisation does have at least one silver lining: Little, Brown has paid the great stakeholder an advance of £350,000.

■ WATERSTONE's MD David "Mekon" Kneale may have taken the first half-decent decision of his bookselling career: cancelling "Weasel's Folly" — the long-trumpeted Oxford Circus superstore which, suicidally, would have been just a paperback's throw from the thriving Borders.

However, it seems this retrenchment is too late to save the Mekon and his patron, HMV Media CEO Alan Giles. A couple of Saturdays



ago, widely-respected old Waterstonians David McRedmond, now MD of the Irish telecom giant Eircom, John Mitchinson, the chain's dandyish former marketing supremo, now running Cassell were spotted leaving Tim "Dan Dare" Waterstone's Notting Hill home.

Had they been helping him plan his rumoured putsch at the family firm — or had they been persuading the old boy to give up gracefully and let an American chain like Barnes & Noble clear up the mess? Either way, the outlook is grim for the Mekon and the Weasel. Despite being group chairman, Dan Dare is barely on speaking terms with Weasel, and has never had much time for the Mekon's style of management. So if the bid succeeded, both would be dumped.

It is hard to see how any other new owners would wish to leave such a high-profile investment in the hands of the pair whose mishaps have grievously depressed its value, making it a comparative bargain for predators on either side of the Atlantic.

■ **SO MUCH for Bookworm's fervent hope that in semi-retirement Dame Philippa Harrison would have more time to consider the sales potential of the books she commissions for Little Brown Jug (see *Eye* 994). She is, alas, the mug punter who bought Lord Birt's two-book insomnia cure.**

The competition was far from stiff: during the auction period, another leading publisher took great delight in telling friends that any offer of Birt's books would be met with a polite "No, thanks", adding that they "wouldn't have something that dull on my list, even if the agent paid *me*."

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S THE STORY OF A SEX-OBSESSED MIDDLE AGED DIVORCEE WHO TRIES TO REINVENT HERSELF IN THE MEDIA
EDWINA CURRIE CHASING MEN
IN
DOES IT HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?
NOPE - SHE BECOMES A NOVELIST
EDWINA CURRIE CHASING MEN
IN

IN THE BACK

North Wales Child Abuse Tribunal

FOR THE RECORD

ONE of the difficulties confronting reporters of the proceedings of the North Wales child abuse tribunal at Ewloe in 1997 and 1998 was the anonymity of many of the witnesses. Evidence had to be reported without naming the witnesses, which often made a nonsense of the reports.

To some extent this difficulty has been eased by the comprehensive 937-page report by Sir Ronald Waterhouse and his team, which has at last been published.

Gordon Anglesea, who gave evidence for two days, is named. He is a former superintendent in the North Wales police, who in 1994 sued a number of publications, including *Private Eye*, for libel. He denied all allegations that he had ever abused children in care at the Bryn Estyn council home near Wrexham. He also distanced himself from any association with the deputy head of the home, later convicted of abuse there, Peter Howarth. By a majority of 10 to 2, the jury upheld Mr Anglesea and he got £350,000 damages.

The Waterhouse tribunal devotes a whole chapter (nine) to the case of Gordon Anglesea and concludes: "We are unable to find that the allegations of sexual abuse against Gordon Anglesea have been proved to our satisfaction or that the trial jury in the libel action would have been likely to have reached a different conclusion if they had heard the fuller evidence that has been placed before us."

This "fuller evidence" includes two more witnesses who made direct allegations of sexual abuse against Anglesea. Both of these were, concluded the inquiry team, unreliable. The inquiry report also has an extract from a letter from the former head of the home to Anglesea which refers to "the discussions that have gone on between you and Mr Howarth".

The tribunal reports: "We have heard evidence from seven other witnesses, including four former members of staff, who spoke of seeing Anglesea at Bryn Estyn, and most of them spoke of seeing him there in the presence of Howarth." The tribunal reached no conclusion about whether or not Mr Anglesea's version of his visits to Bryn Estyn and his alleged meetings with Howarth was correct, though they did specifically reject the evidence of the witnesses who alleged sexual abuse by him.

Finally, the report confirms a fact that did not emerge during the libel trial: "It is appropriate to state here our findings that the potential evidence against Anglesea was investigated very thoroughly by the North Wales police and that they recommended in February 1993 to the Crown Prosecution Service that he should be prosecuted on the basis of evidence that was available then. That advice was not accepted by the Crown Prosecution Service, but the relevant issues came up before a jury later by a different route, and it is expressly outside our terms of reference to scrutinise decisions whether to prosecute named individuals."

NEFYN DODD is named. He was in charge of a home in Gwynedd called Ty'r Felin, in which period, says the report, he and a teacher used "excessive physical force" to residents in their care and did so in an "inappropriately hectoring and authoritative manner". It was, the report concludes, a "grave error to give him increasing and additional responsibilities thereafter".

Dodd's domineering influence on the whole social services scene in Gwynedd was the main reason the allegations of Alison Taylor, then a social worker, were so summarily rejected by top councillors and police officers. The head of the North Wales CID proudly told the inquiry that her allegations against Dodd and Co were "subversive" and, had they been made in the police service or army, would have been "seditious".

Alison Taylor

As *Eye* readers will recall, Alison Taylor was sacked by Gwynedd council for daring to make allegations, which have now, according to the Waterhouse report, been "vindicated".

The Welsh office tells the *Eye* that it has taken no action against Dodd following the report. "That is up to the local authority," said a spokesman.

MR DEREK BRUSHETT is named. He joined the social services inspectorate at the Welsh office in October 1988. The *Eye* asked the Welsh office whether Mr Brushett had played any role in the inspection of homes in North Wales. Here's the answer. "Mr Brushett was responsible for pulling together the report on Clwyd social services, which was published in 1993."

In November last year, after the report of the inquiry was completed, Derek Brushett was convicted of a number of charges of the most awful sadism and abuse against boys in his care in a residential school where he was headmaster in the 1970s, and sent to prison for 14 years. The Welsh office says it is carrying out a special audit into Brushett's behaviour as an inspector, and the report will be published soon, and in full.

Contrary to confused reports on the night it was published, the Waterhouse report, which is carefully written and well-documented, comes to no conclusion as to whether or not there was a general cover-up of allegations of child abuse in North Wales. In view of what happened to Alison Taylor, the tribunal could hardly conclude, as wrongly reported, that there was no cover-up. The abuse was covered up for at least 10 years after it was first reported.

No one listening at Lisnevin

MEANWHILE anyone who thinks shocking treatment of children in detention is confined to North Wales should read the recent report of the social services inspectorate into the youth justice centre at Lisnevin, Co Down, Northern Ireland.

The report found that:

- Children were routinely held in solitary confinement — one for a total of 14 days out of 26, another for 15 out of 37.
- Boys suffered carpet burns and other injuries as a result of being pinned face down on the floor, their arms behind their backs.
- Staff were not properly trained to deal with difficult situations.
- Serious incidents were often not recorded or investigated.
- Complaints of ill-treatment by staff were not properly investigated.
- The physical conditions of the centre were so poor they presented risks to both children and staff. Even basic fire regulations were not met.
- Poor communication meant key workers were often not told of serious incidents involving their charges.

Inspectors called for the isolation unit, known as Scrabo, to be closed immediately and for an end to the use of dangerous restraint techniques. But child welfare workers are not holding their breath. In 1997 the same inspectors described the "dehumanising" regime at Lisnevin but three years later nothing much seems to have changed.

The Luton Connection

THE police complaints authority (PCA) has finally been sent a dossier on the murky case of Kevin McCulloch, jailed in 1998 for 18 years for being the mastermind behind the smuggling into Gatwick airport of £1m of pure cocaine.

McCulloch, currently at Frankland prison, maintains that national crime squad officers made him the fall-guy for the crime in order to protect the real Mr Big, a known Luton drug dealer and police informer. But his efforts to prove his innocence are also being thwarted by the use of public interest immunity certificates (PIIs) governing police informants.

If McCulloch is right, he isn't the only innocent dupe who has been jailed in the case. Sarah Wilson (see Eyes passim), a young mother who had never been in trouble before, was conned into taking an exotic holiday with her then lover, Karl Wheeler, who used the holiday as a cover to smuggle the drugs into Britain. He turned Queen's evidence and got eight years; Sarah Wilson pleaded not guilty and got 12.

The evidence against McCulloch, as opposed to that against the Luton dealer, was certainly thin: not least because the alleged Mr Big was caught on police video footage of Wheeler, Wilson and the drugs arriving at Gatwick. Curiously the man was never arrested. Even more amazingly, during McCulloch's trial at Croydon crown court, police maintained that even though they had the alleged Mr Big's name, address and telephone numbers, they had still been unable to track him down.

McCulloch's story, which he has stuck to throughout, is that he owed money to the Mr Big and was told that unless he went to Gatwick to meet Wheeler and Wilson, whom he did not know, he and his family would be beaten up.

In the event he didn't go. Instead, he telephoned the number he had been given for Wheeler, to see if Wheeler was all right, and that call led police straight to him.

McCulloch's theory is simple. This was a case in which police trade with informers, who are often the organisers of big deals, in order to catch some of the players in the drugs world. But because of the all-pervasive effect of the PIIs, truth is being stifled.

This was also the case in the M25 murder case. It was not until those jailed for life — Raphael Rowe, Michael Davis and Randolph Johnson — took their case to Europe, that they discovered PII certificates had been used to hide that fact that police had paid money to a police informer — who had admitted stealing and burning the cars involved in the M25 killings and robberies.

It seems that in McCulloch's case police have been able to avoid telling either his trial or his subsequent failed appeal last year about the real role of the alleged Mr Big in the events that led to the jailing of McCulloch, Wheeler and Wilson.

Protection racket

NORTHUMBRIA police — already the subject of several complaints over their handling of the IRA shooting of former RUC double agent Martin McGartland — may have to answer more tricky questions if McGartland's libel action against the London Evening Standard gets to court.

McGartland, who was shot outside his home last June and is now under 24-hour police protection, is suing the *Standard* over its suggestion that the shooting might have been the result of an underworld drug feud. The *Standard* is so far resisting paying out, maintaining that it was merely reporting what Knacker had told it. It maintains a press officer confirmed "in the clearest of terms, that the police believed the shooting was connected to drugs — and not to the IRA".

If true this would give agent-turned-author McGartland even more grounds for bitter complaint about his treatment by the police (see *Eyes* passim). Since the shooting McGartland has been trying to negotiate a new safe identity. No longer trusting police, he wants all previous traces of himself removed from Knacker's national computer. So far the police are resisting and — to add insult to injury — threatening to withdraw his protection unless he agrees to their terms.

PII - Please Ignore Immediately

THE publication of an intelligence document proving beyond any doubt that MI6 knew perfectly well that there was a plot to assassinate the Libyan leader Colonel Gadaffi contrasts oddly with the result of a four-day investigation into the allegation last year by foreign secretary Robin Cook.

Cook dismissed the notion as "sheer fantasy". Now that ex-MI5 officer David Shayler's story appears to be, er, sheer truth, what will the government do about Shayler's most dramatic revelation — that the intelligence services he worked for had at least one advance warning of the 1994 bomb attacks on the Israeli embassy and other buildings, but did nothing to prevent them?

Asked this question in court, the government has resorted to that old standby, public interest immunity (PII). It argues that whatever anyone in intelligence did or did not say about the embassy bombing is "immune" from publicity for the most obvious reason imaginable: national security.

There are two problems with this. The first is the unanimous decision of the European court of human rights on 16 February regarding the M25 murder case. The court held that withholding information from judge and defence on the grounds of public interest immunity was illegal. If neither judge nor defence has access to information that might affect a verdict, the trial, the court concluded, cannot be fair.

This decision must affect the Israeli embassy bombing case, since information was withheld from judge and defence on exactly the same basis.

The second problem with PIIs is the grave risk of miscarriage of justice. In the notorious Matrix Churchill case in 1992, the defendants at risk were three businessmen who had been illegally supplying Iraq with arms-related equipment — and whose defence was that the British government had encouraged them.

Who bombed the Israeli embassy?

Eye 948, 17 April 1998

In the Israeli embassy case the two defendants are two young Palestinians, Samar Alami and Jawad Botmeh, who are serving 20 years for the bombings which they have always insisted they did not carry out. Their case was set out first in the *Eye* two years ago. Shayler's revelations enormously strengthened it, and the case for the two young people's innocence has been published all over the Middle East.

The most impressive article appeared on 21 September last in the prestigious Israeli magazine *Ha`aretz*. In an interview Shayler gave the number of the MI5 officer who got the warning. "In the weeks before the incident G9B/4, an officer in the counter-Iranian section, had received a warning of an attack on the Israeli embassy in London. It was a report from a reliable and well-placed secret source, presumably reporting some aspect relating to an Iranian target, as that officer was part of a section, G9B, that counters threats from the Iranian state."

Shayler went on to describe how a crucial form connected with the officer's report had been lost, and later found in a cupboard, where, he presumed, the officer had hidden it to avoid any embarrassment caused by the failure to act on the warning. Shayler also revealed, as he did in an interview with the *Eye* in Paris in 1998, that he had read a report by a senior manager in MI5. The manager concluded that the Israelis had blown up their own embassy to persuade the British security services to defend Israeli property in London more vigorously.

The government has consistently refused to supply any information about Shayler's allegations, pleading "public interest immunity". All these reports cast serious doubts on the guilt of the two prisoners, who have described in detail the man called "Mograbi" whom they believe befriended them in order to frame them for the bombing.

No attempt has been made by police or anyone else to track Mograbi down. Instead the authorities have behaved with utter intransigence towards the prisoners. Samar Alami in Durham jail has asked to be taken off the oppressive category A, a request which is being dealt with formally later this month. A prison service document reminds her that she does not accept responsibility for the bombing and that this attitude "does not assist report-writers to assess whether there has been any reduction in the risk that you may pose of reoffending in a similar way if unlawfully at large". In other words, say the prison service bureaucrats, come on Samar — we can make things easier for you if only you'd own up to a crime, even if you didn't commit it.

To-Inge and Fro-Inge

AMONG the big names chalked up in the recently-published national audit office (NAO) report on defective military equipment is that of the French "defence" firm Thomson-CSF.

The Tri-star flight simulator which it supplied 10 months late didn't work properly, but the firm refused to pay any damages. The details will be studied with interest by former chief of air staff, Sir Michael Graydon, and former Tory arms procurement minister Roger Freeman, both of whom took up paid directorships of Thomson-CSF in January 1999 without complaint from the Advisory Committee on Business Appointments.

Thomson-CSF has also snapped up the once-proud British arms firm Racal, whose board is graced by the former chief of defence staff Lord Inge. As the *Eye* reported in 1998, Lord Inge, who left the armed services in 1997, joined Racal six months later. He had to wait another six months, though, before he could take up his post as adviser to Vickers, whose Challenger tanks, says the NAO, are "significantly lower than the contracted requirement" and whose propeller shaft bearings for helicopter landing ship HMS Ocean were half the size required.

The NAO was not over-excited about Radar Type 996 which serves on many ships, but which has "shortcomings in object-tracking performance and low operational availability". The system was bought from Siemens Plessey, now a subsidiary of British Aerospace, which also employs Lord Inge as a consultant.

In the last batch of business appointments recorded by the committee, the name of field marshall the Lord Inge crops up again. He has branched out from defence this time and is a director of Greenley's and a consultant to the Sedgwick Group (insurance).

Meanwhile the revolving door between the ministry and the arms firms has been working furiously elsewhere. Sir William Wratten, commander in chief of RAF strike command, has become chief military adviser to Rolls Royce military aero engines, and air marshal Graeme Robertson has become chief military adviser to British Aerospace. The ministry's chief scientific adviser Professor David Davies has joined the board of high-tech military supplier, ERA Technology.

Group 4: dead useless

LAST YEAR 20-year-old Stuart Gipp hanged himself in a cell at Cambridge magistrates' court. He had been charged with driving offences, but was denied bail. He could not face being remanded to a young offenders' jail to await trial.

According to his family, Stuart should never have died. His requests for a doctor had been ignored, and only minutes before he fashioned a noose and strangled himself, his solicitor had warned his Group 4 guards that Stuart was very distressed and suicidal.

He was nevertheless left alone with his shoelaces and an open cell-hatch door — all he needed to kill himself.

One month earlier Group 4 had issued a suicide prevention warning to all staff that hatches should always be locked. In fact the dangers of open hatches have been well documented since the 1960s — over half of those who have killed themselves in custody made use of the convenient hatch.

According to Mark Scott, of Bhatt Murphy solicitors, Stuart's death raises serious questions about whether private companies are the best people to care for vulnerable prisoners — when the costs of calling a GP, training and maintaining staff levels and care can all eat into profits. "It raises serious concerns about the state relinquishing its responsibilities to adequately protect the life of vulnerable people by contracting out to private companies."

Last year five prisoners killed themselves while under escort by private security firms, three of them in Group 4's care.

An inquest jury last month decided there had been "a failure of responsible persons to follow procedures" in the Stuart Gipp case. And an internal home office investigation had questioned whether three Group 4 staff should retain the certificates that permit them to work on prisoner escort duties. However they all resigned and no action was taken.

Last week Group 4 admitted there had been a breakdown in communication between themselves and the police who had passed Stuart into their care, but denied prisoner safety was a cost issue. Hatch doors were now kept firmly locked and lessons had been learned.

Shame they were not learnt three years earlier after the death of Peter Austin. He killed himself in the cells below Brentford magistrates' court when under supervision of Securicor. Then the coroner wrote to the home secretary alerting him to the same issues of training, communication and the summoning of doctors' that failed Stuart.

High Principals

THE PRICE IS WRONG

1) WHEN Janet Price arrived as principal at Inverness College in 1995, the college accounts were safely in the black. But when she was forced out by a vote of no confidence in 1998, the deficit was £3.8m.

This was mainly due to "re-structuring" (mass voluntary redundancies and retirements). So efficient were these programmes at curtailing costs that as a direct result this year's deficit has climbed to more than £4m.

2) When Sue Parker arrived at Gwent Tertiary College the college accounts showed an £8m surplus. In two years the amazing Ms Parker converted this into a £6.8m deficit. This was mainly due to an increase in managers from 56 to 118. The remedies were obvious:

- Cyril Lewis, retired principal of Swansea College, was paid £77,000 to reduce the number of managers.
- Ms Parker was sent on her way with a pay-off of around £50,000 plus of course the company car.
- As soon as it was clear that the deficit at Gwent had risen to £2.7m, Professor John Andrews, chief executive of the FEFC in Wales, "reclassified" the financial performance of the college from "satisfactory" to "marginal" and took no further action.
- Prof Andrews got a CBE in recognition of his services to education in Wales.

WHEN York College merged with York Sixth Form College last April, the new management promised there would be no redundancies. Now the merged college has announced 42 redundancies — which naturally have nothing to do with the merger but are the logical outcome of an expensive "benchmarking exercise" carried out by Nottingham consultants Ben Johnson-Hill.

You can contact Paul Foot on 0171 287 3183 or the In the Back team on 0171 437 4017

In the City

THE ONLY surprise about the sacking of *Mirror* share spivs Anil Bhoyrul and James Hipwell is that it took so long. The surprise about the non-sacking of editor Piers Morgan is that the tabloid's owner, Trinity Mirror, takes such a relaxed view of share-dealing by senior employees. It may soon emerge that the Stock Exchange and even the Department of Timidity & Inaction take a less acquiescent line.

While there is no reason editors should not buy and sell shares, there is a clear distinction between investment and speculation. Buying shares in blue chip companies or established City favourites is investment. Buying hot penny stocks of the type favoured by your own paper's rabid tipsters is speculation of the kind that is most likely to end in tears. And when those shares are then tipped in your own paper it becomes improper if not illegal.

What "Moron" and his employers, headed by former City merchant banker Sir Victor Blank, either cannot or, more likely, will not see is that — as in most scandals — it is the perception not the legality that matters. All the public and City regulators can see is that on at least two occasions — Viglen Technology and Corporate Executive Search – "Moron" has enriched himself mightily ahead of *Mirror* readers. There are rumours of other similar share deals.

And not just "Moron". His now ex-tipsters Bhoyrul and Hipwell had also piled into CES before it was suspended in December ahead of the takeover of Data Cash. The shares are due to return to the stock market this week at possibly 10 times or even more the 5p "Moron" paid only 24 hours ahead of that deal. "Moron" invested up to £10,000. His pals probably much less as they usually punted in hundreds.

By perverse logic and morality Trinity Mirror does not see this as a problem simply because CES was ramped by the City Slickers column in January while the shares were suspended!

On two occasions *Mirror* readers — apart from the City spivs feeding the column, not exactly investment sophisticates — were encouraged to buy CES when dealings resumed. At no time did the Mirror say oh, and by the way, the editor and his pals are already in!

Why not disclose this hidden benefit? Because it would have immediately unleashed justifiable criticism about "piggy-backing" on *Mirror* tips and *Mirror* readers. Such actions by American editors and tipsters would — quite rightly — result in either criminal prosecution or civil claims for restitution or both.

Yet Blank and his boardroom colleagues appear only too prepared to close their eyes — presumably because they do not want to lose a good editor because of his bad habits. But how long can they avoid the obvious questions that arise from Morgan's conduct now that they have sacked his pals Bhoyrul and Hipwell in a move designed to save public face? Especially as Blank and friends may be about to learn the power of President Johnson's dictum by the ex-City Slickers now being free to piss into the *Mirror* tent from the outside.

The disclosure that "Moron" had bought into CES could be an indication that there is more on the way unless Morgan's pals are paid to keep silent. They may be able to answer questions such as:

Where did "Moron" obtain the tip that CES, like Viglen, was a must buy and why did he buy on that day not a day before or a day later? Don't forget: a day later and he would have been too late because of the suspension of dealings. Just as the great story teller Lord Archer — a constant *Mirror* target — was damned by paying a premium to purchase Anglia TV shares for the new stock market account just days ahead of the MAI bid, so "Moron" is damned by the timing of his CES purchase.

Did he get the nod from his pals Bhoyrul and Hipwell? Were they already in? Did he know they were already CES shareholders? If so, why did he allow them to use their spivs' charter of a column to feed the frenzy of expectation for CES not once but twice. Why — assuming he did not know about the first CES "puff" or about their shareholding (somewhat unlikely) — did "Moron" not ban any further tips for CES because of his clear conflict of interest? But then conflict of interest is just one more concept which "Moron" clearly struggles to understand.

The issue which the *Mirror* internal investigation ignores but which City regulators may not is that the City Slickers column was used not just to enrich *Mirror* insiders but also those who fed them their "scoops". Every spiv in the City was feeding the *Mirror* knowing that it was seen as being on the inside track for the latest "pump 'n' dump" ramps. Well before "Moron" or his chums bought, the real beneficiaries would already have their shares — in bigger amounts and lower prices — and be waiting for the opportunity to exit.

Bhoyrul and Hipwell are said by those who know — their informants among the City's usual suspects — to have been open about what they were going to tip thereby enabling their City friends to load up ahead of publication. If so, many people on the outside knew how credible it is that "Moron" and other *Mirror* insiders were so ignorant about what was about to happen within their own newspaper when they bought.

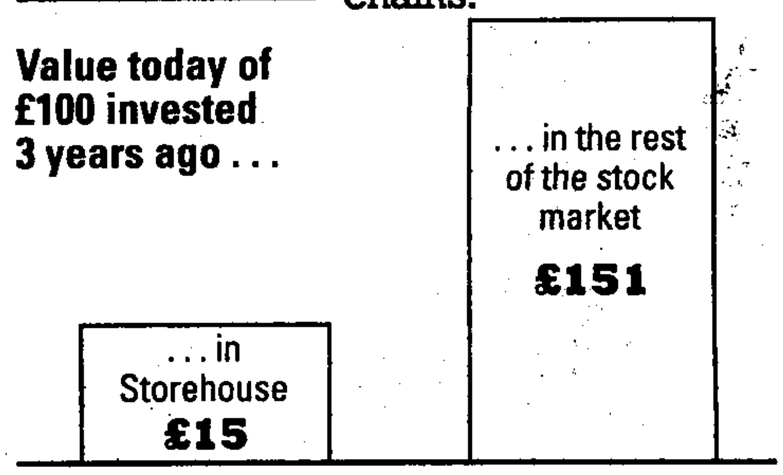
The Stock Exchange will no doubt also be looking closely at the brokers who not only traded in *Mirror* tips but also acted for the *Mirror* insiders. It requires a certain type of broker to take care of the type of business represented by "Moron" and his crew. These are usually small firms who ask few embarrassing questions either before or after the deals go down. One reason being that they too are on the inside track — part of the problem not the solution.

Bigger firms might be concerned at the possible Stock Exchange implications of buying shares for the editor of a newspaper the day before the same newspaper tipped the shares or before a big deal was announced. It will be recalled that it was brokers Charles Stanley who blew the whistle on Archer after he sold the Anglia shares when they put his purchase together with the fact that the fragrant Lady Archer was an Anglia director and smelled both insider trading and trouble.

Certainly Kyte Securities, a previously little known broking firm, appears to have been unconcerned until it felt the heat of the DTI inquiry.

Stock Horror

Storehouse, the retailer which owns Mothercare and BHS chains.



Then suddenly it decided Morgan's broker and long time pal Anthony Laiker was surplus to requirements. It seems to have been helped to this conclusion by listening to the taped conversations between Laiker and his client. But Kyte's new-found concerns have yet to be Mirrored.

It will be similarly interesting to see which brokers were used by Bhoyrul and Hipwell. Once again it would seem that whoever handled their business would have either been a source of information and/or a "piggy-backer" on their deals. After all, you would not need to have a crystal ball to know that if they were buying they would soon be tipping. Any firm outside the stockbroking/promoter list of usual suspects — whose members featured heavily among the companies tipped in the *Mirror* — would have been rightly concerned to find a client dealing on suspected inside information ahead of publication. After the first time it would have been duty bound to report its concerns. But not if it was part of the magic *Mirror* circle.

At best, "Moron" seems blissfully unaware of how to behave when it comes to share dealing. But given that he is the editor of a national newspaper, ignorance is no excuse. He clearly does not care.

But then, does supposed City grandee Victor Blank? What would he have thought if an executive at Charterhouse invested in a company for which the merchant bank then announced a major deal, and as a result stood to make up to £100,000? Would he have felt that all that mattered was the legality of the transaction? That the executive had not used "price sensitive" information because he was not involved in the deal?

On what basis, it might now be asked, should "Moron" be allowed to both keep his job and his profit? Surely it is time for Blank to "suggest" that like the £10,000 Viglen profit, any CES profit made by "Moron" should also go to charity?

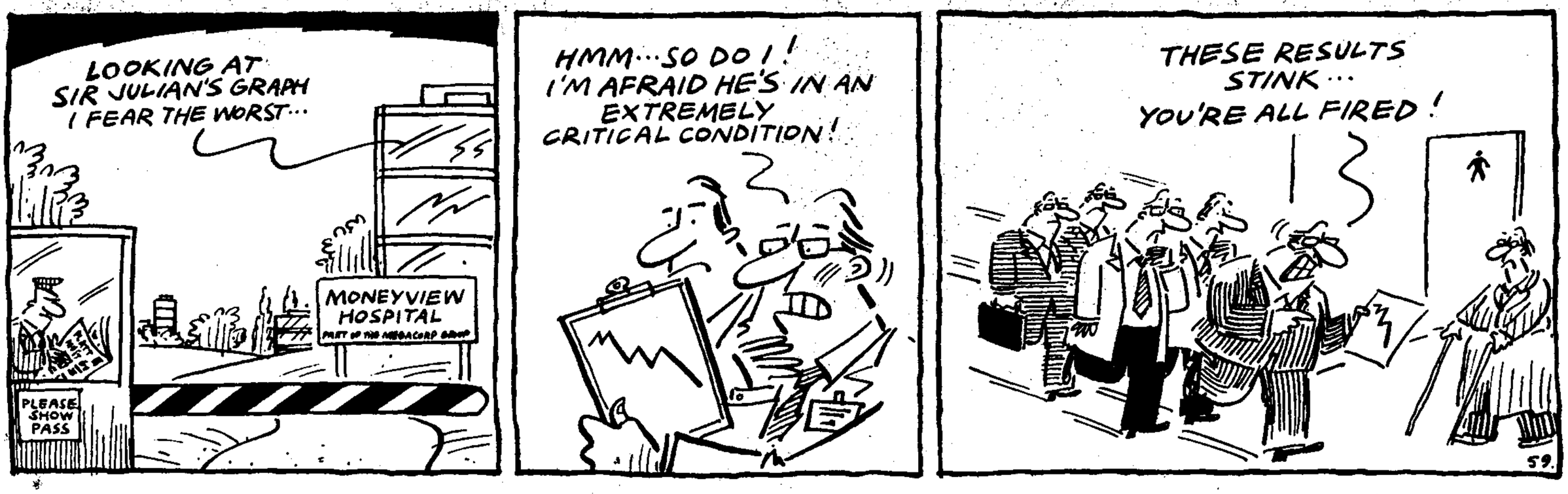
But even that may not be enough to save "Moron" or the *Mirror* from more serious penalties from the Stock Exchange or the DTI (plus even the press complaints commission) egged on by an embarrassed Downing Street.

The clear hope inside Trinity Mirror is that sacrificing Bhoyrul and Hipwell will satisfy the City. It only shows they just don't get it. Which perhaps suggests that the "greed is good" code encouraged by "Moron" and the City Slickers column is now seen as acceptable not just by the spivs but also by the suits.

'Slicker'

THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE/RIGG


LOOKING AT SIR JULIAN'S GRAPH I FEAR THE WORST...
MONEYVIEW HOSPITAL
PART OF THE MEGACORP GROUP
PLEASE SHOW PASS
HMM...SO DO I! I'M AFRAID HE'S IN AN EXTREMELY CRITICAL CONDITION!
THESE RESULTS STINK... YOU'RE ALL FIRED!
59.

INCLUDING

BEST FILM

BEST DIRECTOR - MICHAEL MANN

BEST ACTOR - RUSSELL CROWE

BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY

WARNING:
EXPOSING THE TRUTH
MAY BE HAZARDOUS.

AL PACINO RUSSELL CROWE

A **MICHAEL MANN** FILM

THE INSIDER 15

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF 'HEAT'

Touchstone Pictures AND Spyglass Entertainment Present A Mann/Roth Production A Forward Pass Picture Al Pacino Russell Crowe
"The Insider" Christopher Plummer Diane Venora Philip Baker Hall Lindsay Crouse Debi Mazar Music by Lisa Gerrard & Pieter Bourke
Costume Designer Anna Sheppard Edited by William Goldenberg, A.C.E. Paul Rubell, A.C.E. Production Designer Brian Morris Director of Photography Dante Spinotti, A.S.C., A.I.C.
Produced by Michael Mann Pieter Jan Brugge Written by Eric Roth & Michael Mann Directed by Michael Mann

Distributed by BUENA VISTA INTERNATIONAL (UK) Ltd — touchstone PICTURES

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON COLUMBIA/SONY MUSIC SOUNDTRAX

www.bvimovies.co.uk/insider

specialEYEs

surveillance

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D NEED BUGGING EQUIPMENT. BUT THEN I SAID THE SAME ABOUT MOBILE PHONES

SUSPECT SOMETHING'S GOING ON? FIND OUT – WITHOUT BEING FOUND OUT!

As world leaders in covert intelligence products we've concealed cameras and tiny microphones in the most surprising ordinary everyday objects.
So if you want to find out and not be found out, give us a call.
And we'll keep it between ourselves.

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE

Head Office: **716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW.** *Fax:* 0181 558 1338
Central London Showrooms: **59 South Audley Street, W1Y 5FB**
27 Conduit Street, W1R 9TA
Web: **http://www.lorraine.co.uk**

0181 558 4226

PE

meeting people

★ STOCKBROKERS • DOCTORS • ADVERTISING • ACCOUNTANTS • ARCHITECTS ★

MARKETING • DESIGNERS • EDUCATIONALISTS • WRITERS

drawing down *the* moon

PERSONAL INTRODUCTION CONSULTANTS - THE FIRST AND FINEST

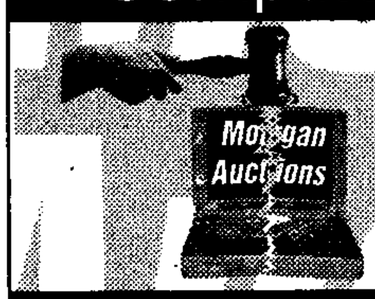
"a partner for life...that's where Drawing Down the Moon comes in"
FINANCIAL TIMES

0171-937 6263
www.drawingdownthemoon.co.uk
Head Office: Adam & Eve Mews, Kensington. *City Office:* Cannon Street
24 hours. Member ABIA. Est. 1984

★ MEDIA COMPANY DIRECTORS • LAWYERS • PR • BANKERS • SCIENTISTS ★

virtual services

Computers under the hammer!



- **On-line computer auction**
- **All goods sold without reserve**
- **Massive range of computer products**
- **Simple registration process - secure site**

www.morgan-auctions.co.uk

JVC · Panasonic · PHILIPS · SONY · Technics · TOSHIBA

SHOP WITH MOUSE AND SAVE LOTS

virtualelectrical.co.uk

clubs

The
Blue Angel Club

welcomes you and your friends for a really unforgettable evening. Drink, or dine and dance in luxurious surroundings and be served or entertained by our Angels.
OpenMonday to Friday from 6.30pm until late
Membership not required.

17 Little Portland Street, London W1N 5DE Tel: 0171 636 2178

gifts

menu
biogs
books
gallery
exhibitions

Cartoon Gallery

A selection of cartoons, illustrations and animated cels can be found on the Cartoon Gallery Website, from Chris Riddell to Steve Bell, Alex to Appleby, Honeysett to Husband and McLachlan to Matt.

The site also has extensive biographies, including Ronald Searle and Kipper Williams and the merchandise pages offer a selection of books by top cartoonists from Britain and abroad.

All cartoons and books are dispatched within three working days via our mail order department, so for the speculative and gift buyer alike, please visit:
www.cartoongallery.co.uk

The Cartoon Gallery 39 Great Russell St. London WC1B 3PH
tel: 020-7636-1011 fax: 020-7436-5053 e mail: cartoongallery@easynet.co.uk

HELICOPTER TOUR OF LONDON

Flying along the Thames at 1000 feet, seeing many London sights and the Millennium Dome

OUR VOUCHERS MAKE AN IDEAL GIFT! VALID 6 MONTHS

1/2 HOUR FLIGHT £125 per person inc vat

Phone for brochure or to book
CABAIR HELICOPTERS
020 8953 4411

GENUINE BIRTHDAY NEWSPAPERS

From largest archives saved from the past. Printed between 1642-2000. Sunday Newspapers from 1915. Ready for presentation. Same day dispatch.

REMEMBER WHEN
445 Brighton Road
South Croydon
CR2 6EU.
PE

0181 763 6363

Reminder :
10 March 2000 is our next issue.
Advertising for these pages must reach us no later than Tuesday 29 February 2000

services

WIND UP YOUR FRIENDS!

Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - *then wait for the reaction!*

Mr. Fury
09060 111600
The Detective
09060 111615
Mr. Stammer
09060 111617
Irate Delivery Driver
09060 111618
My Daughters Pregnant
09060 111619

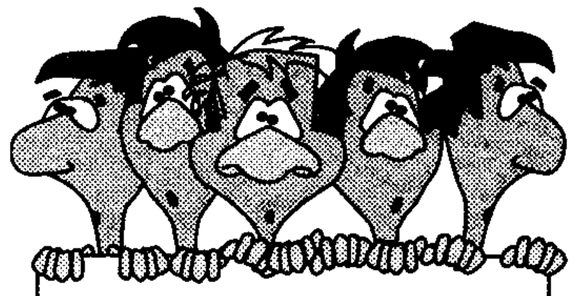
JOKELINES, PO BOX 43, WARMINSTER, WILTS BA12 7RJ
Calls cost £1/min at all times

Phone Bar
Swap messages and connect live 1-to-1 with other callers, 24 hours a day. Always at least 20 women on line, with up to 80 at busy times!
09066 144 149

Calls cost 60p/min. PhoneTime, POBox 4DZ, London, N1

speech writer

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH *OR* NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
01624 622660
Access • Visa • Mastercard



Looking for somewhere to advertise?

Call 020 7839 6306 Madison Bell Ltd

BINDERS

QUICK NEAT AND EASY!

Each binder holds 26 issues – a year's worth – and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.
The UK price is now £8.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 70p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?

Send the completed order form below with your remittance to:
Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. Telephone 0171 228 0425

I enclose cheque/PO value £ . . . . . for . . . . PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

OR please charge Access/Visa Card expires . . . . / . . . . .

CARD NUMBER . . . . . .

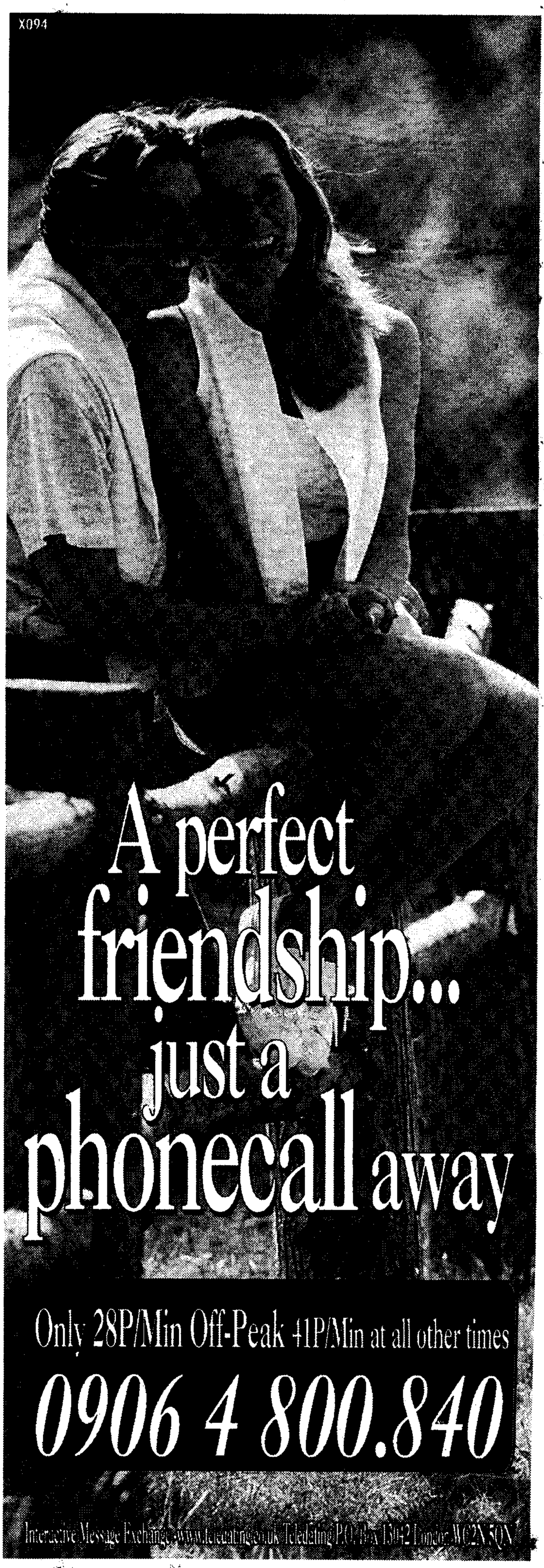
NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Please print and use the postcode


X094
A perfect friendship... just a phonecall away
Only 28P/Min Off-Peak 41P/Min at all other times
0906 4 800.840
Interactive Message Exchange - www.telemingle.co.uk Teledating P.O. Box 15042 London W02 5QX

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINAGE ADVERTISEMENTS
£1.75 per word personal, inc. vat
£2.25 per word business, inc. vat
Bordering £10, Box Number £8
20 Orange Street, London WC2H 7ED
Email: privateeye.ads@madibell.com
MINIMUM 10 WORDS

0171 839 8384

EYE QUOTE

THE ASTORIA, LONDON: You go up four flights of stairs only to find yourself, in defiance of all reason, back downstairs again. When you've finally reached the upstairs balcony, you'll be shooed off the only standing room available by security – "fire regulations" – and have no alternative but to evaporate spontaneously.
TEN WORST VENUES.
The Sunday Times Culture Section

EYE SAY

CAPITAINE – "Sweet Love". Can't live without you. Sinking fast. SOUS-FIFRE.

COMMISSION for RACIAL EQUALITY. Case against CRE for breach of contract and professional negligence. Manchester County Court, 14 March 2000. Tel: 0161 969 5479.

www.artandartists.com promotes fine artists gratis. Visit website for details.

SPEECHWRITING by Britain's leading professional, Mitch Murray – see page 31.

INJUSTICE IS RIFE, find out more at www.portia.org.uk

LOVE AND BEST WISHES to our loyal subjects – Carolus octogeneurus.

EYE FIND

SEEKING STEVE metallurgist, date of birth circa 1960 – lived in Coventry 1995 but originally from North of England. Please contact ANGELA. Telephone: 0121 707 4930.

EYE NOVELTIES

FLYING, GLIDING, helicopters, motor racing, rallying, vintage aircraft, ballooning, simulators, skydiving. Introductory GIFT VOUCHERS from £55 valid 100+ locations nationwide. FREE BROCHURE: ACORNE SPORTS – 01494 451703.

JOKE FAKE ID'S – for fun gifts and showing off! 0411 748124.

BIRTHDAY/ANNIVERSARY newspapers – FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTOS. People or pets. Also caricatures LIVE for entertainment. Tel: 01327 359213.

PAMPER YOUR LOVER
IN THE COMFORT
OF HER HOME.
Spoil her with a massage,
a new hairstyle,
a manicure
or a combination of these
and more!
Call
BODYBACK LTD
on 0208 673 0030
for more details.

THIS BIRTHDAY – give them an original NEWSPAPER dated very day they were born, £19, and get one for YOUR birthday FREE! 01492 531195.

RUBBER CHICKENS?
Fighting Nuns?
Voodoo Dolls?
www.gizmo-and-widget.co.uk

PLAYED TO MEASURE – original songs for special occasions, trade shows 0171 277 5014.

PHOTOBANNER
Your photograph and message on
6' BANNER
£39.95 inc.
C.T. Graphics
0121 241 7878
www.ctgraphics.co.uk

FOR THINGS YOU'LL WANT – www.maronah.co.uk

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE
your unique message
printed on the label
delivered NEXTDAY
nationwide
£28
0181 675 9494.
www.liquidid.co.uk

TITLES – LORD, LADY etc. Tel/Fax 0800 652 6641. www.elitetitles.co.uk

BALLOON FLIGHTS over London & Home Counties – great gift idea! www.adventureballoons.co.uk 01252 844222.

LEGAL TITLES AVAILABLE
Sir, Lord, Baron etc.
ENGLISH MANOR TITLES
01803 858644.

EYE HEAR

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. 7" vinyl and/or CDs. Delivered. From £119 – 0181 318 2852.

EYE READ

JOURNAL of Animal Welfare, Ethics and Law. £20 p.a. – bi-monthly. Cheques JAWEL, PO Box 23, BRIGG, DN20 8TN.

CHANGE YOUR Conversation with: "200 Tactics When Talking" by Godfrey Holmes, (ISBN 0953601609) £3.75 packaged. Nethermoor Books, 32 Miriam Avenue, Chesterfield, S40 3NF. (Telephone: 01246-566069).

INTERESTED IN TRUE CRIME?
Like murder mysteries?
http://www.murderfile.co.uk

ENGLAND'S JOYLESS SOCIETY. A biting condemnation of England's dependence on institutionalised cheap labour. Cheques/PO's £2.50 to – Robert Weston, PO Box 4083, Bournemouth, BH8 8YR.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS found – free search. No obligation to purchase – 01376 562334. E-mail: Jeremy.Dore@tesco.net

DAUGHTER OF THE MANSE, by Garrick Espieside – "a filthy combination of lewdness and satire" – young woman's punitory odyssey through 'Sixties academic, religious and legal life (160 pages, A5): £14.99 – SPIRAL OAK, (214), 44 Morningside Road, Edinburgh, EH10 4BF, or CC's, 0131 6643326.

US BOOKS – US PRICES + audio, video, software – www.bookstore.co.uk – or phone 01932 828844.

FREE BOOKSEARCH – no purchase obligation. TWIGGERS BOOKS 0181 878 8644. E-mail: twiggers@btinternet.com

THE QUINTESSENTIAL English Vice – CP videos. SAE illustrated details: S.A.L., PO Box 154 Southport, PR8 2GP

EYE BUYS

PRIVATE EYES – a few '60s – mostly '70s to '95. Currently cataloguing. Offers: 01202 303433.

EYES 463 (September 1979) to 554 (March 1983). OFFERS: 0181 675-0057.

EYES 461-831 (12 missing). Offers. Box 0796 or e-mail: ashlrx96@christs-hospital.org.uk

EYES: 99 FROM 1965 to '71 – ROLLING STONE: 47 from 1969 to '71. Offers, including postage, 01727 856905.

EYE BET

WINNING AT THE CASINO – 74 page A4 manual. Details: 1A South Parade, Leeds, LS27 8AJ.

EYE WANT

GRADUATE FEMALES, 20-27, love flying: to join group of 10, for 2-3 week Summer tour of CALIFORNIA with Private aeroplanes. (0956265489)

BBC
COMPLAINING SERIES
Do you know someone
who is always
MAKING COMPLAINTS
or someone who
NEVER COMPLAINS?
Or have you recently received
shocking customer care
and are making a complaint?
Call
NEW BBC SERIES
ABOUT COMPLAINING
on
0171 313 6776.

HAD A DISASTROUS SURPRISE wedding? Magazine writer wants to hear from you. Fee paid. Ring ROBIN 0181 398 5676.

ESCAPE TUNNEL
COMPLETE
FLIGHT BOOKED.
Discreet legal and financial
advice needed
to avoid mishaps.
Credentials
and Requirements to
Box 1096.

CHANNEL 4
are you planning a trip abroad
IN THE NAME OF LOVE?
If so a
CHANNEL 4
DOCUMENTARY SERIES
wants to hear from you.
0171 729 2611
(London)
or
0161 834 1440
(Elsewhere)

EYE JOBS

www.vacationwork.co.uk – for working holidays, gap years and jobs abroad.

LOOKING FOR A JOB
IN I.T.
Then visit the
IT JOB CENTRE AT
www.itjobcentre.com

EYE EARN

FOUND LOVE with a long-lost ex-partner? Magazines will pay £££s for your story. Call ROBIN, 0181 398 5676.

NEVER AGAIN be without money – earn fortune from adult dating and phone-lines. Free info: 07074 643742.

EYE WORK

RESOURCEFUL MALE – 40, fit, presentable, sometime journalist/publisher/actor etc. – seeks gainful employ; anything more or less legal considered. No sex or violence. Box 1396.

EYE SELL

ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS appliances! Cookers, hobs, ovens & hoods DIRECT. Come and see us on: WWW.IGF-APPLIANCES.CO.UK

www.leatherchairs.com

JOIN THE INTERNET revolution with Anglo – the best domain names for the UK: anglojob, anglotoys, anglocars, angloserve, anglofilm, anglopop, anglofun, anglostay, anglotrip, anglogift, anglolife. All available as both .com and .co.uk. Contact angloali@cs.com or vist www.greatdomains.com (search word "anglo").

GO TO
www.IANHISLOP.co.uk !

IF MUSIC be the FOOD OF LOVE, get stuffed – at Richer Sounds. Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hours) for your FREE 24 page CATALOGUE/ BRANCH LIST or visit our website at www.richersounds.com

OLD PERSIAN RUGS – Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 01622 871353.

EYE CARE

VARICOSE VEINS? Latest theories and treatments – www.veins.co.uk

ERECTION CORRECTION
and
Men's Health.
VIR CLINICS
offer
ALL
effective treatments.
For free literature or details call
Tel: 0800 163861
Fax: 07079 007058

CONSULTANT HYPNOTHERAPIST, Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking, etc. Telephone: JESSICA RICHARDS – 0171 935 0023.

ARTHRITIS?
NOW FOR SOMETHING
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
To obtain an
explanatory brochure
FREEPHONE 0800 1693216

EYE TECH

REGISTER .com domain names for $60. No hidden charges – www.xocet.co.uk

Get
WWW.YOURNAME.CO.UK
£10
for 2 years!
For more details visit
http://www.a-q.co.uk
Or Tel
0800 389 5815

THE MOST FAMOUS DIARY on the net!!! – www.threesarahsdiary.com/

EVERY SECRETARY'S DREAM
digital dictations
delivered direct to their desktops!
www.aprobrium.com

FIND OUT who has been browsing your web site – www.newsales.co.uk

GO TO
www.IANHISLOP.co.uk !

INCREDIBLE
FREE INTERNET
1,500 domains
<your-name>@OKuk.com
<your-name>@treacletart.com
<your-name>@amazingspace.com
FREE TECHNICAL SUPPORT
5% of revenues to charities
www.peoplesnet.net
CD-Rom
0845 0800 814

EYE HELP

SPEECHWRITING by Britain's leading professional, Mitch Murray – see page 31.

Your own
COMPANY NEWSPAPER
Concept to delivery.
Produced by Professionals.
01332 874120

CONFIDENTIAL MAILING address – interesting range low-profile privacy related services and products. 0181 556 2979 for brochure.

CALL MANAGEMENT? Farwood Lodge – 01484 441248.

TAROT CARD READER
for Private Parties
£150 for ten readings,
£250 for twenty readings.
Telephone:
JIM TRELAWNY
01256 471973.
7.30 – 8.30pm
9 Darent Court, Riverdene,
Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 4DH.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION – Bankruptcy problems? 01524 64305 www.theba.org.uk

ACCOMMODATION
ADDRESS
private, discreet,
confidential
mail/message-holding service.
REGENT STREET
0171 580 4242.
email: hold-everything.com
Established 1979
www.hold-everything.com

LIMITED OR PLC COMPANIES, £90. Brochure: FREEPHONE 0800 526421, e-mail: cosun@drink.demon.co.uk

COMPANY SAFETY POLICIES written to your needs – www.workplacesafety.co.uk

BEST ACCOMMODATION address. Absolute Privacy. Mail/Fax/WP – 0171 284 2897.

EYE DETECT

SPECIALIST ANTI-SURVEILLANCE – de-bugging – security reviews – investigations. Total discretion 0181 665 5646; 0956 525712.

LINK
INVESTIGATIONS
Private and
Commercial investigators
Tracing, Surveillance,
Staff Vetting, Undercover Agents,
Matrimonial, Debugging, etc
Tel: 01306 880707
Fax: 01306 888077
Email:
info@linkinvestigations.co.uk
Web Site:
www.linkinvestigations.co.uk

EYE LEARN

PSYCHOLOGY DIPLOMA (Dip.Psy.) Write WOOD TUTORIALS, Freepost Unifaculty SCO 1109, Renfrew PA4 8BR.

GENUINE CHECKABLE accredited University Degrees. Life qualified. 0161 795 3056. univdegree@educ.freeserve.co.uk

www.learnbymail.com – life experienced degrees, awards and distance learning.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY degrees. Many are already qualified for a degree by past work experience. Details: Dean Dr. R. Silurian, All Saints College, Eur/M.East Officer, POB 246, Paphos, Cyprus.

EYE NEED

VERY RELIABLE CAR to start interior decorating/gardening business. Thank you so much. Alliance & Leicester 72 50 02, 88240081.

I NEED FUNDS to run pilot project delivering assertiveness programme to young people. All contributions gratefully received. Natwest 51-61-28, 11287977.

PARTNER WITH CAPITAL, turn around 1st year. Have distribution rights for 7 islands, new business area. Info: Mr J Wrenn, 0034 616 402346 – e-mail: aqadreams_es@yahoo.com

BODY TRANSPLANT for VW Beetle. Please help. Halifax 11-06-08, 00413343.

POORLY PAID professional – retirement imminent, single, hard-working granny – desperately needs help to stay close to family. Any contributions gratefully received. Lloyds 30 97 06, 0161526.

POVERTY BREEDS invention but creativity doesn't pay the bills. Barclays 20-89-68, 70696447. 0906 5531572 (£1 per/min).

50 YEAR OLD unable to continue in current profession, needs to clear mortgage (£97,000) to retrain. Cheques to: PO Box 760, Morden, SM4 3QJ. THANKS.

ST MARY'S COLLEGE Cricket Club seeks sponsorship in the following areas: playing shirts, umpires, match balls, transport and teas. Details: RUFUS WILLIAMS, PR 2286, St Mary's College, Waldegrave Road, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, TW1 4SX.

LIKE ORGANIC FOOD? Then please help me convert my dairy farm. £20,000 needed. Barclays 20-50-40, 10114707.

ENJOYED READING The Eye? I used to. £3500 needed for cataract operation. HSBC 40-10-22, 91377485. Thank you.

RURAL PENSIONER needs modest help to replace collapsed banger: car only way to travel visit wife (82) in care. Lloyds 30-93-11, 0678176.

ARCHITECTURAL research. New age? New infrastructure? New building types? New needs! Desperate 25K. Nationwide 07 00 30 57771155.

£1300 NEEDED to complete studies. Banks won't help NatWest 60-24-02 98931997. Thanks

COUPLE WITH BABY urgently need £15,000 to clear their student debts. Halifax 11-00-13, Account 00375764.

CHARITY SEEKS members, trustees, donations, promotion, assistance. Forming before April 2000. Charitable funds for victims of counter-state activity abuse. HSBC 40-40-35, 91301039. CYPSELUS LIMITED. Activities: academic research, medical and impoverishment relief. Apolitical.

HELP! Proud but broke. Any aid welcome. Natwest 60-18-11, 69038058.

SMALL BUSINESSMAN double-crossed by partner, needs £7500 to keep tax-man from door. Genuine. HSBC 40 46 35, A/c No 81421999. Many thanks.

A COMMITTED SOUL making a fresh start in her life and career – needs £1000 to make it happen. Can you help? Nationwide 07-01-16, 04315409.

HARDWORKING FATHER needs £5000 to avert sudden dire straits. Please help. God bless you. HSBC 404519, Account: 91857266.

IRRITATINGINGLY WORTHY NHS professional needs considerable financial investment to learn to be good AND bad as she trains as a psychotherapist. Nationwide 0266/306502441.

FOOD ALLERGY consultant helping many people regain their lives is struggling with debt from previous marriage. Please help me continue to help to improve peoples' lives. Girobank 72-00-00, 1621289.

RECENT GRADUATE seeks funds to help establish unique pottery workshop in rural Wiltshire. Lloyds TSB 77-50-12, 25705268.

AMICABLE DIVORCE but crushed by CSA. 7K needed to save home. Anything helps. Thanks Box 2096.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN – minor celebrity – on evil days, with powerful, dangerous enemies – needs safety funds. HSBC 40-25-22, 21200933.

ISOLATED DISABLED MAN (MS) in remote rural area, can't work, huge debts, baby on the way, needs help to pay for converted car and clear debts. Anything appreciated. Natwest 60 15 28 41375270. Box 0496.

EYE FINANCE

"FRINGE TREASURE" (Observer), "Ingenious" (Independent), "Hilarious" Evening Standard. Investors needed to transfer sell-out Fringe '99 show to London. Show an interest – we'll show you reviews, script and hopefully return investment and more. Box 2596.

TALENTED FUTURE F1 driver urgently seeking a sponsor to race in British F3 Championship. Please contact KEITH, 01276 684182.

FEATURE FILM with Oscar winning talent. Significant untold story. Seeks cashflow £30,000. High interest return. SUPPORT A QUALITY BRITISH PRODUCTION. Tel/Fax: 0181 347 8855.

EXCITING, PASSIONATE but under-capitalised arts and politics magazine seeks like-minded philanthropist to expand production. Box 0694.

EYE HOMES

LANZAROTE – LUXURY 2-bed apartment, 40 metres from sea. Breathtaking views. Protected area. £59000. Info Miss Parker – 0034 616 402346.

EYE HOME HUNT

SPORTSMAN RETURNING to UK seeks accommodation – perhaps in exchange for work. Tel: 0034-609-932-443. Fax: 0034-928-592-365.

EYE ESCAPE

ORKNEY – small seaside cottage close shops on cliff path, high/low season. One-bedroom. Tel: 01294 467642.

UNDISCOVERED GREECE – idyllic private accommodation. Congenial host. B&B to full board. More info – Tel: 07931 570911.

'DRACULA' TOUR (TRANSYLVANIA)
Unique adventure!
('Singles' welcome)
GHOST TOURS
14B Marion Road, Croydon
Surrey , CR7 7AL.
FraserJohn@bigfoot.com
Agents for 'Greencastle Travel Ltd'
(ATOL3683)

NEW YORK! Friendly hotel alternatives: private B&Bs and apartments. Safe/central. www.westvillagebb.com, tel: (212) 614-3034, mail@westvillagebb.com

CORNWALL 16th CENTURY Manor House & Cottages – sleeps 2-10. Close to Beaches, Coarse Fishing, Pets & Pony Rides. Brochure: 01288 341421. email: michael.bucknell@virgin.net

ALONE ON HOLIDAY? Join one of our famous floating house parties in Turkey on a luxurious schooner, with glorious food, water sports and forays ashore. A lazy, sundrenched holiday for discerning travellers. 0171 631 4436 – www.daydreams-travel.com

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE
200 small group
adventures
in more than 90 countries...
Witness the Dogon culture of Mali,
mingle with Berbers
in Morocco's High Atlas mountains,
encounter the people of
Torajaland in Sulawesi...
Offbeat tours in Europe,
Middle East, Africa, Asia,
Americas, Australasia.
1-6 weeks from £365-£2000.
Call 01252 760100
for brochure.
Bonded ATOL/AITO 2595.

COTSWOLD GLIDING CLUB – 5-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction. Prices from £250. Tel: 01285 760415 for brochure.

GOA WAY – to dream beaches of INDIAHH!!! fr £269 return. 0171 224 7070. ATOL: 5237.

SOMERSET. Centrally-heated period holiday cottage – GLASTONBURY town centre, overlooking Abbey, Sleeps 3. With all utensils, bicycle, library and telescope provided. £150 per week. Phone 01234 211606 or e-mail: AbbeyGlast@aol.com – for brochure.

HOLIDAY BROCHURES ONLINE. All your holiday brochures from one website. Fast, convenient, free. HOLIDAY WIZARD – www.holidaywizard.co.uk

EYE FLY

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices – allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599 / 680268. Fax: 01942 670868. Agents ATOL holders.

FLIGHT OPTIONS – telephone booking service. Tel: 01432 851062, Fax: 01432 850722, HENRY ROGERS, ATOL 3793.

EYE CONTACT

MARGARET'S special PEN CLUB – new friends UK/overseas. SAE: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ. Est. 1986.

HEDONISM PARTIES. Adult Clubnights. Holidays. Attractive, uninhibited, funloving party animals. Couples, singles. S.A.E. Box 24405 London W5 5ZE. 09099 100185 (75p/min) – www.hedonism.org.uk

DISCREET PENPALS – The safe place for broad minded adults to exchange their secrets! 2x26p stamps to: EPPS, PO Box 36, Dartford, DA2 7ZU.

YOUNG LADIES worldwide seek penpals, friends, lifemates. Free details, photos! HERMES, Box 610188/S, 10922 Berlin, Germany. Fax: 0049 30 25299775.

www.21stcentury.com
FREE
adult personals ads
with photos
and e-mails.
Get your FREE ad today!

ATTACHED? Seeking romance? Call David at LOVING LINKS 0171 602 8727. Info line 0906 550 1361 (£1 per/min) or info by fax 09093 919291 (£1 per/min) – www.lovinglinks.co.uk.

ORIENTAL BEAUTIES – respectable, irresistible, exotic, stunning – seek sincere gentlemen. Free colour brochure. T.P.I. SERVICES 01562 748600 (24 hrs). www.thai-professional.com

HARMONY PARTNERS
Where men and women can chat
1-2-1
0906 752 6299
Calls cost 75p/min
PO Box 20025, London NW2 4ZL
www.harmonypartners.co.uk

MEET NEW FRIENDS and lovers at The Singles Club – www.singlesclub.co.uk

'ADULT CHATLINE'
Girls 18+, Women online,
60p/min, jcg, tn21 8xz,
0906 361 1688

VANESSA CAMBRIDGE Introductions. Nationwide introductions agency for the over 50's. Free membership for trial period. Ring 01203 404150.

CONTACT MAG for adults: over 900 photos. APPROVAL copy from: MATCHMAKER, (S.76), Chorley, PR7 4BS. Or ring: 01257 480155 (24 hours).

THAI CONNECTIONS – WAIA approved. Over 500 marriages. Free brochure: 01582 481725.

RUSSIAN LADIES seek relationship / marriage. Meet many Russian ladies in Britain. Cheap Moscow trips. Unlimited introductions. Excellent success rate. Phone IFM 01708 478697 anytime.

BEAUTIFUL RUSSIAN LADIES
Guaranteed Introductions
Exclusive Contacts.
Accompanied Tours
OLGA EDWARDS,
PO Box 56, Hyde, Cheshire.
0161 355 6841
(24 hrs).

THAI MARRIAGE consultants. Serious about a Thai wife? For a colour brochure telephone 01372 376876.

FREE CONTACT magazine. Local contacts. Weekly adult parties. 01784 246 788 (Ext 817) 24hrs.

PLUMP PARTNERS – National Dating Agency. If you are plump or prefer a plump partner – ring 01352 715909.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES – colour brochure SIAM INTRODUCTIONS (established 13 years) – 01689 860880. www.siam-intro.com

SINGLE AND DON'T WANT TO BE?
Discerning, professional people join SYNERGY.
Personal introductions and social events
in the north of England.
Freephone CAROL on
0800 7313181.
A.B.I.A. member
www.synergy-intros.co.uk

ADDITIONS – 'ATTACHED' Discreet Loving Agency for married people. 0181 905 3304, 0181 958 9657. Established 1992.

THAI ASSOCIATES
100s of
Gorgeous, Educated,
Caring, Quality
THAI LADIES
FREE
Colour Brochure
0121 520 8827
100% Visa Success

www.abcdating.co.uk – Anonymous free ads for relationships and contacts.

"HOW TO FIND A PARTNER IN MODERN TIMES"
A brilliant, practical
and inspiring book.
Gain the insight
AND DO IT!
£6.95 inc. p&p
Cheque to L. Bradley
at
5 Kings Road, Kingston KT1 5JA
tel. 020 8974 5549
Plus
COACHING FROM AN EXPERT
E mail: lindseybradley@howtofindapartner.co.uk
www.howtofindapartner.co.uk

ATTRACTIVE EDUCATED LADIES from U.K. and Overseas are seeking loving friends/partners. Write (Dept PE/9), P.O. Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

REPLYING TO A PRIVATE EYE SMALLS BOX NUMBER? ADDRESS YOUR REPLY LIKE THIS:

Box Number ....
Private Eye Smalls
20 Orange Street,
LONDON
WC2H 7ED

EYE PROPOSE

JIM – I said I wouldn't do this. But I love you, I need you. Be mine forever. Let's wed in November... RUBY.

EYE LOVE

TALL POLYMATHIC BLOKE, 49, seeks smart, sensual female for life and adventures in Andalucia. Box 0296.

UNATTACHED CARDIFF male, young, virile, imaginative 50, seeks part-time lover, full-time friend. Discretion assured. Box 0396.

BUSINESS MAN and single dad, 6'2" – attractive, 38 years old – seeks lady aged 25-32 who is presentable, outgoing and sexy, for long term relationship. Tel 0790 9963083.

YOU'RE FEMALE. 45/50ish, confident, imaginative, with love of old masters; needing the restraining influence of a quietly assertive, truly gentle man. e-mail: macrame.at@virgin.net – Box 0896.

ATTRACTIVE, RUBENESQUE, graduate, iconoclastic female, 38 – seeks unusual, confident, amusing, decent, loving, unmarried professional, 40-50, with interest in classical music. No salesmen, disco-dancers, anoraks. South Hampshire. Box 2796.

LIFE'S TOO SHORT! Passionate, attractive guy, 30s, seeks similar attached female, 25+ for discreet liaisons. Box 0996.

END-OF-THE-AGE young man (30, single and singular) seek rapturous maiden (21-30, unattached) for meeting of minds to dispel Weltschmerz – albascan@yahoo.co.uk. Box 1196.

MARRIED MAN, 48, fun-loving, slim and affluent, desires discreet female for friendship and adult fun – aged 30-55. Midlands and South East. Photo please. Box 0596.

PROFESSIONAL MALE – assertive, fit, presentable, solvent, 50s, seeks an unassertive but wayward lady living within 30 miles radius of Marble Arch. Absolute discretion assured – so be adventurous. Box 0395.

ASSERTIVE HANDSOME man/40 seeking svelte, younger, erotically unassertive girlfriend – 07050 398943.

CIVILISED MAN, 57, in celibate marriage, WLTM for lunch, stylish, petite woman who enjoys wearing stockings and suspenders. London and Southeast. Box 2095.

WARM, SENSITIVE, articulate male, young sixties, loosely attached, enjoys arts, walking, talking, good food – seeks sensual woman friend/lover for worthwhile relationship. South London. Box 1696.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 31, tall, attractive, slightly cynical but still incurably romantic, good songwriter, interested classic literature, history, music, wine and candlelight, in search of interesting, attractive woman (23-33, London) who knows her own mind for committed relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 3695.

ASSERTIVE MALE, unattached, fifties, caring, occasional displays of wit and culture, WLTM bright, unassertive female. Photo/telephone please. London/Essex. Box 1296.

ATTRACTIVE, trustworthy, romantic and intelligent lady, early forties, would like to rejoice with a reliable, considerate, wirty, passionate and faithful friend/lover in a thriving and lasting relationship. Enthusiasm about classical music and dancing required. London replies ONLY. Box 2496.

27 YEAR OLD male writer seeks older woman for fun and comfort in the Country. West Midlands. Box 1896.

START OF THE AFFAIR. Graduate, secure and available, WLTM adventurous, stimulating female (30-52) desiring satisfying friendship, and dalliance. Greater Manchester. Box 1996.

YOUNG 50, SLIM, attractive, professional female WLTM similar male. Surrey. Photo appreciated. Box 2296.

TYNESIDE – thirtysomething male, bald, but otherwise in good condition – amicably separated – seeks NS 30s female for uncomplicated relationship. Likes country walks, red wine. Box 2396.

SEMI-DETACHED Englishman (42) in Paris seeks wandering heart with itchy feet. Feet soothed, hearts massaged for F30-40 who can escape for odd (or even) weekends. Photos guarantee reply, letters need to intrigue and excite. Box 2196.

INTELLIGENT pillow talk wanted. Professional man 35 seeks professional woman 25-45 for in-depth discussion. Love of travel and good living essential, everything else negotiable. London/Anywhere. Box 2656.

A PAIR of mischievous males seek a brace of debauched debutantes to do all the things your mother warned you not to. Box 0696.

EYE SEEK

WOULD my Mystery Woman 'X' please get in touch asap at Box 0196.

Ms Ex
LOVED YOUR LETTER AND PHOTO!
You need to be neglected, or intrigued,
NO LONGER.
Please get in touch quickly.
Phone Robert on
0795 781 4799
anytime on 22 Feb or AM 23rd
or write to
Box 1796.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINAGE ADVERTISEMENTS

£1.75 per word VAT inclusive
BUSINESS RATE £2.25 per word VAT inclusive
10 word minimum

BORDERING £10 EXTRA
Box number £8 (non-business advertisers only)
Cheques payable to Madison Bell Ltd
DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT/DEBIT CARD
OR RING WITH QUERIES 0171 839 8384
OR FAX 0171 839 6719
E-mail: privateeye.ads@madibell.com
MAIL YOUR AD OR BOX NUMBER REPLY TO:
PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 20 ORANGE STREET,
LONDON WC2H 7ED

NAME, ADDRESS & TEL NO:.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

Send your advertisement with this form, or your own note-paper if you prefer, with cheque/postal orders or ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH number. Do not send cash.

NUMBER: .....
EXPIRY DATE: .....
ISSUE NUMBER (SWITCH):.....

☐ BOX NUMBER REQUIRED

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

PRIVATE EYE

No 996
Friday
25 Feb. 2000

ANNOUNCEMENT!

The subscription rate will **INCREASE** next month (for the first time since 1995).

SO SAVE MONEY BY SUBSCRIBING NOW

for only £17

and we'll send you

6 ISSUES FREE

plus your year's subscription.

Just phone
0171 228 0425/6457 or
0171 738 1249 with your credit card details and leave the rest to us or use the order form below.

HURRY!
The offer closes 20 March and applies to new subscribers only.

To: **Private Eye Subscriptions**, Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE.

I enclose £17* (cheques payable to Private Eye); please send me PRIVATE EYE for the next 15 months.

Name of new subscriber .....

Address .....

..... please print & use the postcod

or debit my VISA/MASTERCARD Number ..... Expiry date .....

Name of cardholder (if different) .....

Address .....

..... please print & use the postco

** UK only. For overseas rates see under Gnome*

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1 5RG. 0171 437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution Ltd, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, SW11 1LE. 0171 223